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No. 35.—VOL. III.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1893.

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MISS WINIFRED EMERY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK DICKINS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

TEA AND TALK WITH MISS WINIFRED EMERY.

"Well, I hope you have returned from Malvern in good health and spirits," I remarked (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), as I settled myself into a really comfortable chair in Miss Winifred Emery's elegant drawing-room, charmingly decorated last year as a glad surprise to her on her home-coming from the Engadine.

"Oh, yes; I'm in splendid health and in excellent spirits. I've been especially happy ever since Cyril came home and announced our present engagement."

"Do tell me about that."

"Yes, I think that may interest you. Well, you must know my husband is rather fond of giving me surprises, so one evening when he came home he asked me in an assumed casual way, 'Now, if you had to choose an engagement, what form would it take?' Then he pretended to be busied with a cigarette, but I saw that he was bursting with news. So, as curious as a woman can be, I rapidly described what I would like. 'Then your ambitions are fulfilled,' said he, 'for Comyns Carr has just offered us parts in the same piece—parts that will suit us down to the ground, and in a practically new theatre.'"

"Hence these smiles, to paraphrase a hackneyed expression," said I.

"Just so, for I've not been in the same cast as my husband now for three years, since we were together at the Vaudeville in '89-'90, and, apart from sentiment altogether, there are a number of inconveniences to one's *ménage* when the one has to fly off to one theatre and the other to a different house, and that doubly applies with respect to rehearsals."

"And is Mr. Comyns Carr personally stage-managing Mr. Sydney Grundy's 'Sowing the Wind'?"

"Oh, certainly; and he is doing it splendidly. I had always associated him with mere art criticism, and never dreamt of his real genius for practical management. He is thoroughly business-like; all his remarks have point; there is no fuss and no waste of words."

"But now, as to your part, Miss Emery?"

"Well, as you know, I can't give away the author. However, I think I may say this much, that it is a costume play of about the year 1830, and I hope to look like an old picture of a lady of about my own real age (shall we say?), twenty-five. No, I sha'n't wear a wig—I never do; I always dress my own hair. It's rather amusing to hear Clarkson regularly come up to me with his 'I suppose I can't do anything for you, Miss Emery?' It is particularly delightful to me to have such an artist as Mrs. Comyns Carr to choose my costumes, for she, of course, will be correct as to the smallest detail."

"I suppose you generally have recourse to original pictures?"

"Whenever it is possible, certainly. It is true, however, that when I played Clarissa Harlowe in Buchanan's play I did not dress up to the historic picture, but I adopted the costume and general style of Millais' ideal, an engraving of which you can see hanging on that wall. Sir John had merely named his subject 'Clarissa,' but he wrote me in reply to my inquiry that I might without any incorrectness add 'Harlowe' as respects period and appearance. I generally ransack the picture galleries at South Kensington and elsewhere for styles in hair-dressing for these costume plays."

"And do you think the public like costume plays of anterior dates to the present?"

"Well, I'm afraid there is a large section of the public that has no artistic taste as regards either dress or literature. One play is very much like another to them. They go to see the piece that is in vogue, so that they may be seen there, and they go also to see, and copy, too, the dresses—that is, if they are 'up to date.'"

"You have not played for some little time, I think?"

"No, quite eight months. I was offered the title-rôle in 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' but other than professional reasons compelled me to decline it. I expect I shall be more than ordinarily nervous when I first make my reappearance in the new play at the Comedy."

"Wasn't it in 'Lady Windermere's Fan' that you last faced the footlights?"

"No, in the 'Silent Battle,' at the Criterion. But I much preferred the part of Lady Windermere, as you may imagine—in fact, I delighted in it. Besides, it is so easy to act with such a thorough artist as Marion Terry; and then, again, I always feel so at home with Mr. Alexander, with whom I was so long associated when I was at the Lyceum and played in 'The Bells,' 'Louis XI.,' and 'Olivia.' He is just the right height, too, for me; it is so much more satisfactory, besides, when one knows all one another's tricks of manner."

"And is your present part very original as regards your career?—you see, I'm intent on *le sujet du moment*."

"No, it is not, and that is its only drawback, for it is really very good. What I am really pining for is a frivolous part, such as my Miss Tomboy. I think I have been playing the sad and the staid quite long enough. I want a change now. Indeed, I should like to appear as a thoroughly bad woman, without a redeeming feature in her character," and Miss Emery spoke so earnestly that I could not refrain from laughing.

"Would one of Ibsen's heroines suit you, for instance?" I suggested.

"Oh, no; I *detest* them. In fact, I can't conceive women of the order he creates. To my mind they are perfectly loathsome and only to be tolerated when they kill themselves. Compare them with such a character as Cynthia Greenslade in 'The Crusaders,' a part I revelled in. Cynthia is a flirt, heartless, of course, but a woman every inch of her. It's the real creation that always makes me love Henry

Arthur Jones's women; they're not dolls or absolute fiends, but just women."

"And you liked the part of Agatha in the 'Silent Battle'?"

"Pretty well. It had not many opportunities. Mr. Henderson, however, seemed satisfied with my efforts, and he told me I was his ideal Agatha."

"Of course, you have a hobby part, so to speak, which you want to act?"

"Naturally, and mine is that of Lady Teazle, with my husband as Sir Peter. You mustn't smile if I say I wish to propose a new reading—ah, but you are smiling! Well, I want to render Lady Teazle not so ladylike as is usual—or perhaps I should say with a little more of the country underlying her town manners. I was talking to Mr. Howe on the subject the other day, and he told me that the best Lady Teazle he had ever seen was—well, you must guess the rest. However, one remark he made was especially just, I thought—namely, that Sir Peter is generally represented as far too old; besides—"

At this moment Mr. Cyril Maude rushed in: "My dear, I've lost Edith's dog!" and immediately a council of war was called as to what had become of the "bow-wow."

SOME STAGE INTERRUPTIONS.

One can always do with another edition of Hans Andersen, and Mr. George Allen is treating us to a new volume in November. This, as President Lincoln always had it, "reminds me of a little story." Tell it not in Gath, &c., but it was anent Mr. Edmund Gosse. The popular critic was lecturing on Hans Andersen up Kensington way. I happened to be present, and certainly was amused. Part of the subject was devoted to the early life of the great story writer. In pathetic terms Mr. Gosse described the strange ambition of the little lad to become an opera dancer—how, at length, after many difficulties surmounted, he found himself in the drawing-room of a famous *danseuse*, whom he had called upon to aid him in his saltair career. Hans was most anxious to show the lady what he could do with his twinkling feet, so to dance the more lightly he took off his boots. Said Mr. Gosse, "The lady immediately left the room." The lecturer had only finished this sentence when a solemn-looking gentleman behind me remarked in a loud-telling whisper, "I ain't at all surprised at her. I've been in Denmark myself, and knows what they're like." A gentle ripple of laughter moved the occupants of the back seats, which, fortunately for Mr. Gosse, he did not notice.

Apropos of *sotto voce*, &c., remarks made in the audience and nearly causing the death of a show I can just call to mind a few. In the first act of poor Wills's play of "Buckingham" the hero meets the heroine with words to this effect (ecstatic joy depicted on his countenance): "We are at length alone." On hearing this someone in the gallery called out, in hilariously cheerful encouragement, "What a lovely hoppertoonity!" This by no means helped to make things pleasant. Again, in the first production of "The Dead Heart," when the late Benjamin Webster, rescued from the Bastille, was set down facing the footlights, the dungeon-worn, miserable creature gives utterance to the line, as doubtless you remember Mr. Irving did, "My—heart—is—dead." Voice in the gallery: "How's your poor feet?" This was a popular saying at the time, but it did not help to make "The Dead Heart" any the more popular. On another occasion, in Colonel Richards's "Cromwell," the future Protector has a dream or what not of the execution of Charles I. Of course, the stern Puritan wishes to banish the memory of the horror from his mind, and appeals to Heaven to shut out "that block and axe." Unhappily, at the word "axe" a humourist among the gods indulged in a long and melancholy "coo-ick." This, however, did not succeed in upsetting George Rignold, who was taking the principal rôle. Yet another, showing how some actors can keep their equilibrium in the face of painful circumstance. When Belmore was playing in Byron's "Daisy Farm," during his most pathetic bit of business a cat walked slowly on to the stage and rubbed itself against his knees. All he did was, in the most composed way, to quietly pat the creature's head—in fact, it was so naturally done that the presence of the amiable feline was hardly noticed, much less so certainly than when Miss Bateman was playing "Leah," and in the last death agony a friendly grimalkin walked on, sat down facing the audience, and began licking its paws with the greatest relish. Perhaps, however, the worst set-down a dignified player ever had was that which happened to the famous Widdicombe at Astley's. The haughty creature was figuring in an equestrian melodrama, when the Emperor of Russia insisted upon his performing some menial duty. The answer of the proud noble was, "Consider my rank, my lord king"; when voice from the gallery: "Consider Widdicombe's blooming rank." This also helped to cause ructions. Again, my grandfather used to tell me a similar yarn about old Richardson, the showman (by-the-way, I once told this to John Augustus O'Shea, and I've a dim idea that he used it somewhere or the other). Well, in front of the stage-booth on the Parade during fair time, a most distinguished-looking, tin-mailed Baron, with proud dame on arm, was pacing to the music of the brass band. Voice from below (Richardson himself): "Mister Montmorency!" "Yes, Sir," very haughtily. "Mister Montmorency, is yer hands clean?" "Yes, Mr. Richardson," with extra haughtiness; "why do you ask such a question?" Voice from below, with jubilant cheeriness: "'Cos, if they is, you can come an' 'elp shell these here peas. 'Urry up!" The tableau was painful.

A. T. P.

THE LAST OF THE DEFOES.

The story of Robinson Crusoe and that wonderful island of his might fitly be called the Bible of boydom. For over four score years and ten it has charmed boys of all ages and of all countries, and while language lasts



DANIEL DEFOE.

it is likely to continue doing so. Daniel Defoe's name remains with us as steadfastly as ever; but, till the other day, we had forgotten that there was still left to us a representative of the immortal man of letters, albeit that scion can hardly claim to be beyond the stage of letters in the most elementary sense, and his existence among us is scarcely less romantic than was the life of Crusoe on his lonely isle. Some ten days ago, a letter dated from 1, Appleton Cottages, New Town, Bishop's



Photo by Archer, Bishop's Stortford.

Stortford, Herts, appeared in the pages of the *Daily Chronicle*. As a "human document," it is certainly worth repeating here—

SIR,—My attention is drawn to a paragraph in the *Daily Chronicle* respecting Daniel De Foe my Great Great Grandfather wishing you to correct a part of the statement of the 13th Sept. it is quite true through the kindness of Alderman Sir Wm Ellis my little boy Daniel was placed in Christs Church Blue Coat School after he had been the usual time Scholars remain there after then he choose the Sea as his livelihood and was apprentised in the Prior Hill Barque for 4 years having now 8 months to serve before he is out of his time during his service he has been to many ports viz San Francisco Valperaiso Melbourne Sydney Dunkerque and many other places he is now on his voyage to New York & Melbourn & Sydney what I wish to draw your attention too you say through the kindness of Mr. Gladstone the parents of little Daniel recived a pecuniary present from her most Gracious Majesty this I flatly deny I have never received a penny and especially of my writing to Lord Salisbury & Mr. Gladson and could not obtain eithers interest on my behalf it was some few years ago that Lord Beaconsfield obtained for my 3 sisters then living a pension from the civil list two of them has since died I at that time applied but could not succed I am in 73rd year partly paralysised having had a fit some few years ago I am an outdoor pauper of Chelmsford Union and all I have is but 3s. per week I am Sir, Yours Faithfully

JAS. W. DE FOE.

P.S.—There is only my Boy & myself on the male side living in the United Kingdom.

In brief, the great-great-grandson of Daniel Defoe, a paralytic of seventy-three, is an outdoor pauper of the Chelmsford Union, with but three shillings a week.

The family of Defoe have had ups and downs as strange as had the ancient family of D'Urberville, which blinked out, as far as history tells

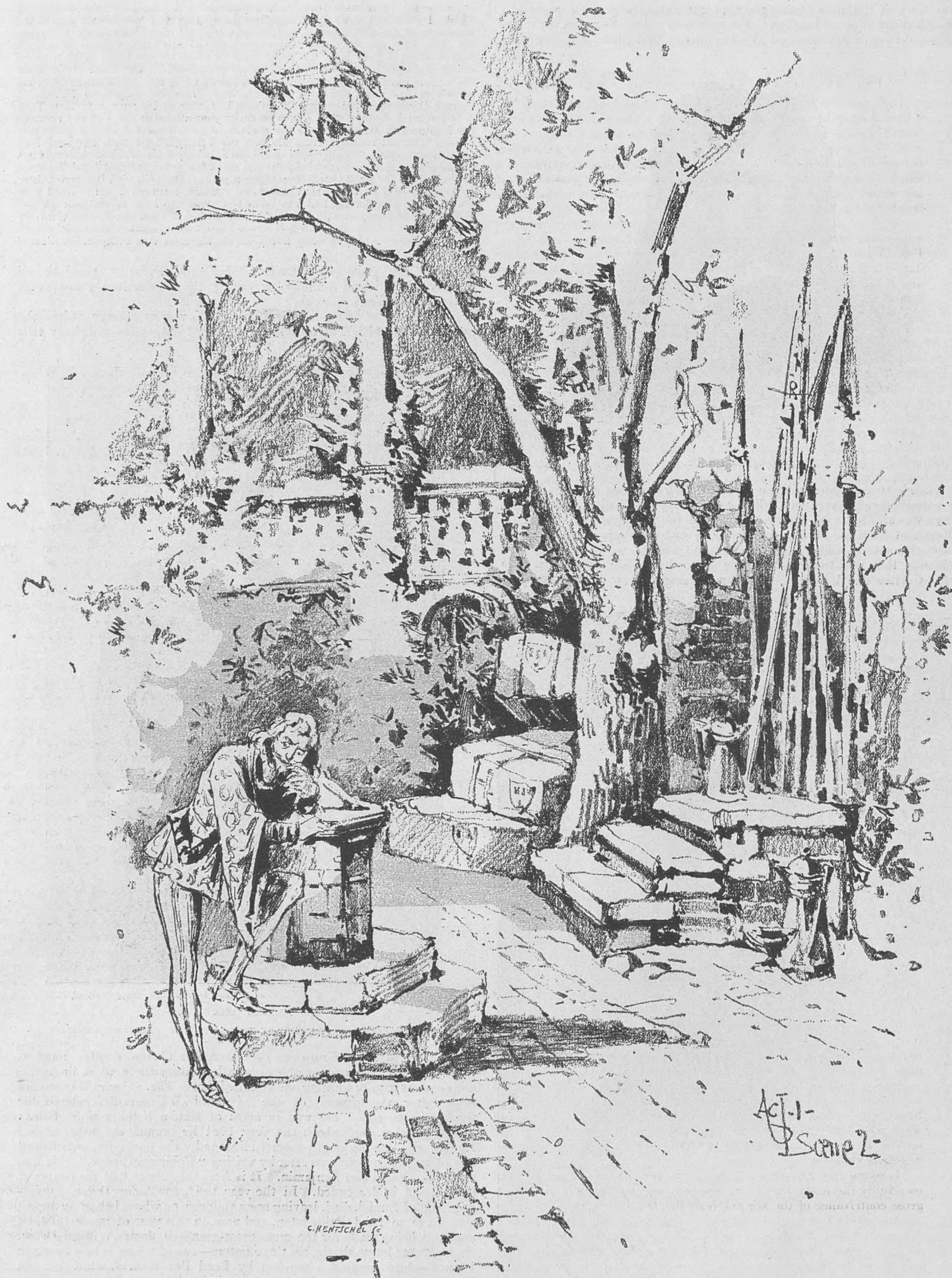


Photo by Bradshaw, Newgate Street, E.C.

DANIEL DEFOE.

THE LAST LINEAL DESCENDANT OF THE AUTHOR OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

us, in the pathetic figure of Tess, daughter of the poultry hawker. Somewhere in the end of the sixteenth century there lived in Northamptonshire a jolly hunting squire called James Foe. One of his younger sons, after the manner of the aforesaid D'Urberville, entered the purveying business. He was, in point of fact, a butcher in St. Giles's parish, London, and about the year 1661 he became the father of one Daniel, who, having mildly asserted lineage by the prefix De, outstripped any of his family before or after by writing "Robinson Crusoe." He had two sons, Daniel and Benjamin. It is from the former that the pauper at Chelmsford is descended. In the year 1857, one James Defoe, a great-grandson of Daniel, died, leaving some children, on whose behalf an appeal was made to Lord Palmerston, and now, in this year of grace 1893, an appeal is being made for the great-great-grandson, James William Defoe. As his queer letter shows, his three sisters—one of whom is now living in France—were granted a pension by Lord Beaconsfield, while his son Daniel, now a boy of nineteen, was admitted to the Blue Coat Boys' School in September 1884. He left it in May 1889, and, with an appropriateness which is worthy of attention, set out on life after the manner in which Crusoe became known to posterity—namely, on the sea.



"THE TEMPTER," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

DRAWN BY HERBERT RAILTON.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"THE TEMPTER," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

"I've done with thee," said the Prince.

"Then kill him! kill him!" whispered the Devil.

"Thou hast done with me? No, thou hast not. Not yet, nor yet, nor yet," shrieked Isobel, striking the Prince with her dagger at every word. Then, as the young man fell at her feet, she gazed in horror at her work, and the Devil came out from behind a tree, and looked on, laughing.

Well might the Devil laugh, since the murder was consummation of a hard-laboured plan of his, and gave him hope of endless strife to come. For the Prince—Leon of Auvergne—had come over from France in the days of Edward III. to wed Avis, daughter of the Earl of Rougemont, and it was hoped that the wedding would bring peace between the two kingdoms, or, as the Devil said—

Tinker a peace between these angry kings,
Cheat me of famine, war, and pestilence,
When I stand ready to unleash my hounds
For glut and rapine of a hundred years.

So the Devil, or Tempter, determined to prevent the marriage. He started by wrecking the ship that carried Leon and drowning all his companions; then he led him to Canterbury, whither the Earl of Rougemont, with Avis, his daughter, and Isobel, his niece, had gone on a pilgrimage. A pilgrimage of penance it was, for the Earl had committed the grievous sin of stealing Isobel's French estates, and the Church had ordered him to do penance, and allowed him to retain the stolen property, which shows the ecclesiastical answer to the King of Denmark's question—

May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?

It was easy for a by no means cunning Devil to persuade the very guileless Prince to hide his identity during a few days, and judge his betrothed for himself before wedding her; so Leon posed as the Tempter's squire. No sooner did Isobel and the Prince see one another than they fell in love. He forgot his pledge to marry Avis, forgot that his knightly honour should have made Isobel sacred to him, and desperately sought her ruin. Yet, to be just, his conscience gave him some trouble, and, in fact, just kicked enough against his conduct to spur him on.

Isobel was sorely put to it. She loved Leon passionately as a man, and, moreover, happened to have learnt from the Devil that he was a prince—a fact by no means without its influence; yet for a long time resisted. Her resistance was not, perhaps, wholly creditable. She did not simply ask him why, if he loved, he did not boldly say so to the world, and seek to wed her. Far from it; she met him with precautions, echoed his passionate speeches, and allowed him to kiss her without one word of marriage being uttered. Then, when left alone, she indulged in a good deal of sighing and protesting to herself that she would not really do anything very wicked. Finally, she became so troubled about her love affairs that she resolved to consult "a holy man from Carmel, who is skilled with soul-sick folk."

Her resolution gave the Devil his chance; he took the holy man's costume and place, and then, when Isobel consulted him, advised her to yield to the Prince's desire, and suggested that it might lead to the throne of France. Her religious scruples he settled with a few poor fallacies. So it chanced that when Prince Leon came to her chamber door with the key taken from her maid she did not say him nay.

However, the Prince resolved to marry her afterwards, and though this fell in with the Devil's schemes, it was too tame a way of carrying them out, so he spread about the story of the Prince's *bonne fortune*, and told Isobel that her lover had been boasting of it. Then he suggested to Leon that he was not the first man who had made use of the chamber key, told him that Isobel knew he was really a prince, and was scheming to win him for herself and supplant poor Avis. Consequently, when the two met there was a fierce quarrel, which ended with his phrase, "I have done with thee."

After stabbing him, Isobel repented, and soon each believed the other to be blameless, and so the unhappy girl, finding him sure to die, uses on herself the dagger with which she had struck him. Finally, the two were taken into the cathedral to die, despite the fact that, to Catholic minds, the death of a murderess and *felo-de-se* in a church would terribly desecrate the holy spot.

Looking into Mr. Jones's story curiously, one is rather shocked, not merely by the nasty words and phrases used by the Devil and the rather gross contrivance of the key and bed-chamber, but by the actual character of the chief persons. In "Faust" one can pity, even respect, poor Marguerite, and find excuses for her lover, but what of Isobel? In her scene with the sham priest, which determines her fate, one is led to feel that it is not merely love that is the motive of her self-abandonment to the Prince, but that the chance of getting that way to the crown of France has something to do with her too lavish hospitality. She has not the excuse of passion for her sin. Leon seems merely a cowardly Don Juan—a man who with a little courage might

act honourably, but chooses the baser path. Unfortunately, the play travels so slowly that one has time to think over this, and I doubt whether any of the audience had sympathy enough with the lovers to shed a tear over their death.

The play is in blank verse. It contains not a few passages which, so far as idea is concerned, are really fine; but, unhappily, they show little, if any, of the poet's singing. They are really prose—and hard, unmusical prose—that shows a strange dulness of ear on the author's part. Could anyone with poetic instinct spoil a pretty passage with—

Together across outrageous oceans,
And vexed, unvoyageable, ruining gulfs?

There are a few harmonious lines, but the number is too small to entitle Mr. H. A. Jones to be called poet.

Doubtless, by now the elaborate shipwreck works properly. On the first night it was so ineffective as to be received with some hisses. In other respects the mounting is excellent, and some of the scenes, notably the last, are really beautiful. Mr. Tree's acting as the Devil has many fine points. Nervousness and fatigue to some extent affected his voice, yet he delivered some of his speeches with great effect. It was, perhaps, more in gestures and movement that he triumphed and displayed a fascinating weirdness and truly devilish charm. Mrs. Tree's Lady Avis was a delightful piece of work, and Mr. Fred Terry played with most creditable passion as the Prince. Miss Neilson, the Lady Isobel, unfortunately marred her efforts by violence of speech and gesture, and the same may partly be said of Mr. Fuller Mellish.

E. F.-S.

"A LIFE OF PLEASURE," AT DRURY LANE.

They really ought to follow Continental ideas, and let soldiers—officers and all—half-price to Drury Lane to see "A Life of Pleasure," for the Burmese battle-scenes are calculated to fire the blood as well as tickle the nose of all who have ever smelt powder. It may or may not be realistic—that is a question for military rather than dramatic critics—but it is very exciting, though there is not much battle. It is the pity of modern battles that they are not convenient for spectators—they spread too much, and so do the bullets. However, you can see one side of the fray, and hear both sides of the firing; you may watch the bridge-building, and see wonderful performances by well-trained horses. I am told that it is more like the real thing than the exhibitions at the Agricultural Hall.

If you don't care about battles and smoke—for the "smokeless" powder seems like "silent" sewing machines, and you may ask any lady how much noise they make—there are clever pictures of English life, of things you have seen. For it is admitted that it is exciting to see on the stage what may be everyday matter in the streets. Some of the scenes are remarkable, such as a solidly built representation of the promenade at the Empire, in which might be seen good samples of the goddesses of the locality. Perhaps the Thames pictures are the pleasantest. The lawn at Skindles is there in all its summer afternoon glory, and the woods of Cliveden, with the Thames at night, and a fine house-boat.

Of course, there is a play, and some very excellent acting as well. The actual drama is not startling. It is the more than twice-told tale of the very wicked villain who deceives a trusting girl, and then pretends that the hero was the betrayer, and so for a while causes trouble between the two sublime idiots that melodrama demands for its principal lovers. No pretence at literature, no bother about advanced drama; simply a framework for the pictures and healthy fustian sentiment for garnish—that is "A Life of Pleasure," and it pleases those at whom it is aimed, and is neither better nor worse than I expected—that is to say, it stands at the average of its predecessors.

The company is finer than usual, for Mrs. Bernard Beere plays the trusting girl splendidly. Others did well, such as Mr. Harry Nicholls, the never-failing favourite of the "Lane"; Mr. F. Fenton, a sound, pleasant representative of the hero; the pretty Misses Laura Linden and Lily Hanbury; Messrs. Elton and Arthur Dacre, villains, nicely shaded in the deepest dye. However, one chiefly recollects the acting of the Gatling guns: it was "stunning," as a schoolboy would say.

E. F.-S.

A fine concert is announced by Mr. Percy Notcutt, to take place on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 7, in St. James's Hall. The performers include Miss Ella Russell, Miss Palliser, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Santley, the Meister Glee Singers, and Master Jean Gerardy. Pianoforte solos will be given by Mr. Frederick Dawson.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square. — AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY of COMEDIANS Every Night at 8.15 in DOLLARS AND SENSE (for five Nights only). Miss Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, James Lewis, George Clarke, Arthur Bourchier, &c. MATINEE at 2 o'clock, Saturday, Sept. 30. Tuesday, Oct. 3, THE FORESTERS, by Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Box-office daily, 9 to 5.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Sir Henry Norman has withdrawn his acceptance of the Viceroyalty of India. His strength and power, he says, are unequal to so arduous a post.

The concluding meetings of the British Association at Nottingham were held on Wednesday, when it was decided to establish a new section for physiology.

The deaths from cholera in this country have decreased during the past week. One case of the epidemic was discovered on board a steamer in the Thames.

It is not surprising to learn that last year was a bad one in bankruptcies. There were 4635 receiving orders, with an estimated loss to creditors of £6,691,641; while 3333 deeds of arrangement gave a loss of £3,998,812. The investing classes, however, have suffered more than the trading community.

My Lady Nicotine year by year claims more votaries. Despite strikes and the like, this year the consumption of tobacco has increased 1,109,007 lb. The amount consumed per head is 1 lb. 10 5-8 oz.

The rowing world has wakened up again within the past few days over the sculling race between Tom Sullivan, the champion of New Zealand, and George Bubeare, the English champion, for the challenge cup

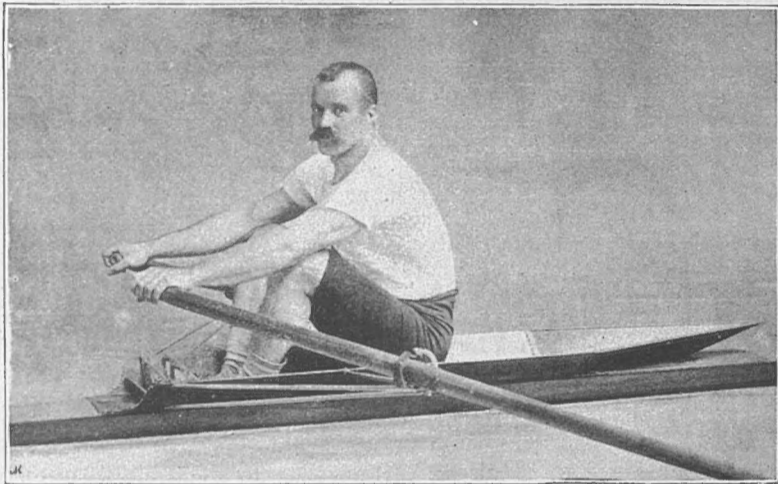


Photo by A. Smythe, Putney.

GEORGE BUBEARE, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

of England. The figure of Bubeare has been familiar for some time to visitors at Captain Boyton's show, where he raced on the lake with wonderful dexterity, considering the comparatively small space at his command.

A serious accident occurred in the Delecoath mine, Cornwall, on Wednesday, when eight men were imprisoned by the collapse of one of the levels. On Friday one of them was rescued alive. The others are dead.

The coal war still continues, amid a confusing mass of conferences, which seemed doomed invariably to end in smoke. Mr. Sam Woods referred last week, at a meeting in Burnley, to the Featherstone shooting as the foulest attack ever made on workmen in this country.

In view of the crisis, it is interesting to note the projected coal trust, put forward by Sir George Elliot. The coal lessees of the United Kingdom under the scheme would amalgamate all their existing interests in a co-operative company, charged with the entire working of the coal deposit of the country, taking payment in the form of one-third debentures and two-thirds stock.

Sir George Elliot claims that the object of the great change which his scheme seeks to compass is in no way the creation of a monopoly or trust for the sole benefit of the proprietors, but a combination which shall be a benefit, not only to the coal-owners, lessees, workmen, and consumers, but to the nation at large. But some critics say it is just an anti-consumers' league.

The London cabdrivers have issued a manifesto showing cause for their attack on the monopolists at the railway stations, where 1500 cabs, owned by eighty proprietors, are allowed to stand, while 10,000 cabs, owned by 3600 proprietors, are secluded. They wished the system to be altered for one by which all properly equipped cabs could be admitted to the stations for a penny each.

On the same day, Thursday, that the Dutch army got new colours the husbands and sons of our British "Old Dutchess"—to wit, the Costermongers' Union—were unfurling a new banner. There is matter to Mr. Chevalier's hand for another ditty, if it is not too realistic.

The London tramway farriers, now on strike for better wages, are being supported by their brethren throughout the Metropolis.

"A Maidenhead Mystery" is the alliterative newspaper title attached to the story of a young Dutchman who in June married a young woman from Maidenhead, and in August wedded a Dutch girl in London. Both women have disappeared.

Kream Bocesh, Shahah Bedeen, Heira Shah, and Khair Deen are four Indian gentlemen who have been practising ophthalmic surgery, and who for seven weeks have occupied a good deal of time at the Richmond Police Court, on a charge of "obtaining money on false pretences and maliciously wounding" by so doing. They have now been committed to take their trial at the Old Bailey.

On the day of their committal another set of Orientals, Hadji Hassan, an acrobat from Alexandria, and two Egyptian women with strange names were each sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour for robbing various shopkeepers, including Liberty. These sleight-of-hand tricks may be admired in Egypt, but here they are classed as crimes.

With the coming winter the People's Palace is once more waking up. The programme of commercial and general classes for shorthand, languages (even Hebrew!), elocution, typewriting, cookery, modelling in clay, and I know not how many other subjects came into force on the 25th. Science classes, under very able tuition, and workshop classes are other admirable features of the time-table. The People's Palace

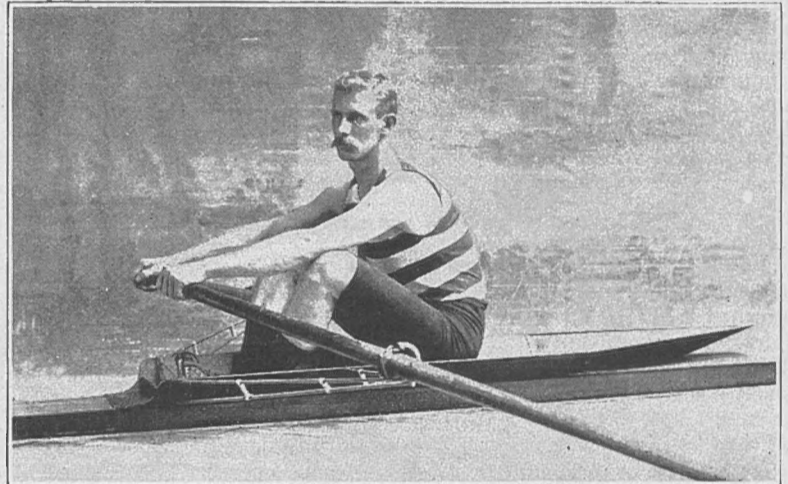


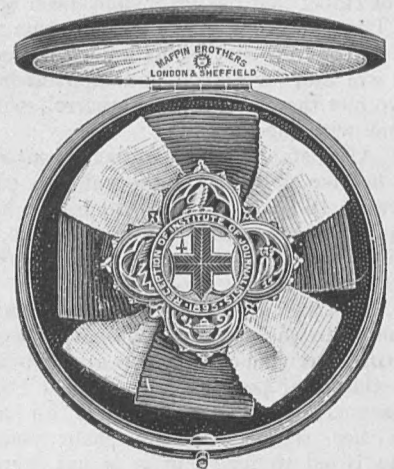
Photo by A. Smythe, Putney.

TOM SULLIVAN, CHAMPION OF NEW ZEALAND.

School of Music and School of Art are both in progress again, and, judging from the bright little journal issued, the coming session ought to be one of the most successful.

There is something tragic in the horrible death of Daisy Montague in Regent Square just in the closing week of the Empire ballet "Round the Town," where, like another Daisy, she had to ride a cycle made for two, another girl sitting behind her to represent the "happy pair." It was, indeed, the "happy pair" idea carried out in her off-the-stage life that brought her to her untimely fate, for, as she was walking round Regent Square with her sweetheart, a young man named Garcia, in the small hours of Thursday morning, a disappointed lover named Percy shot the pair dead, and then committed suicide.

The badges worn by the reception committee of the City Corporation at the soirée of the Institute of Journalists took the form of a handsome brooch, mounted on a red-and-white silk rosette, the City heraldic colours. The badge was quatrefoil in shape, having the City arms beautifully enamelled in colours in the centre. Around this was given the title of the badge in raised gold letters. This was surmounted by the City crest in gold on a blue enamelled background, while in the three remaining escallops appeared suitable literary emblems. The whole work was very artistically designed and executed by Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of 220, Regent Street, W., and 66, Cheapside, E.C. By-the-way, the invitation card to the reception at the Guildhall was designed by Blades, East, and Blades, of Abchurch Lane. The design is very cleverly executed, and is likely to be kept for a long time as a souvenir of the interesting occasion, which is dealt with at length on the next page.



THE PRESSMEN'S PARLIAMENT.

It was particularly fitting that the first voice heard at the opening of the Conference last week of the Institute of Journalists should be that of the Attorney-General. In the beautiful hall, lent by the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, bright with colour on roof, windows, and walls, and with floor as polished as that of a ball-room, Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., commenced the proceedings, on Thursday afternoon, by a graceful welcome to the members of the Institute, delivered in his best manner. People, perhaps, have forgotten the connection which formerly existed between Sir Charles Russell and the Press. Coming from Dublin many years ago, he entered the Gallery of the House of Commons as a leader-writer for an Irish paper, and for some time looked down upon the proceedings of Parliament, in which, later on, he was destined to take so important a part. It was, therefore, appropriate that one who has earned distinction in journalism and in the Law should greet journalists enjoying the hospitality of the Law. On his left side sat Sir Andrew Scoble, M.P., one of the Benchers, and to his right was M. Émile Zola, upon whose lively face most eyes were centred.

Mr. Charles Russell, editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, followed his titled namesake with a few words read from printed slips, thanking the Benchers for their generosity in placing their hall at the disposal of the Institute, and next proposing that the presence of M. Zola should be recognised by a British cheer. I must confess this latter did not do much credit to the lungs of the journalists; but, perhaps, the late sittings of Parliament have robbed many of them of the energy associated with this peculiar British institution. A whisper from Mr. R. H. Sherard in the ear of our French guest brought him to his feet, and from his lips half-a-dozen words of thanks. Then the Attorney-General left the platform for "another place," and the proceedings became as formal as those of a conference ought to be. The President's address was embellished with quotations from authors as various as Rudyard Kipling, John Morley, and J. M. Barrie.

In the evening a reception by the London district took place in the spacious Imperial Institute. "Fleet Street and its wife" began to arrive at eight o'clock, and very soon the corridors were peopled with guests. The Red Band performed in the entrance hall, and an extemporised concert-room quickly attracted a large audience. There is a story told of a would-be purchaser of a theatre asking if it had acoustic properties, to which question came the ready reply, "Oh, yes, we keep them with the rest of the scenery, behind the stage." I fancy this must be the case also with the hall in which some of our finest singers struggled against adversity last Thursday night. Miss Giulia Warwick commenced the programme, and thereafter we heard Mr. Edward Lloyd—who gave as an encore "I'll sing thee songs of Araby"—Miss Palliser, Miss Nancy McIntosh, and Miss Ella Russell. Mr. Santley, looking wonderfully better for his African tour, sang "Maid of Athens" and "To Anthea" with great vigour; Mrs. Helen Trust managed to make herself clearly heard; Mr. Watkin Mills chose a classical air, which he delivered remarkably well, and Mr. Plunket Greene, of course, aroused enthusiasm, and gained an encore. The Meister Glee Singers also entertained us. The accompaniments were admirably played on Erard's famous "Paderewski" piano by Mr. Henry Bird, Mr. Waddington Cooke, &c.

The company's chief pleasure was in looking at and talking to one another. Flitting gravely through the crowd was the Japanese Minister. Here, there, and everywhere was Sir Frederick Abel, unmindful for the nonce of cordite, and only bent on making the new inhabitants of the Institute at home. Listening to the music you might see Mr. Henry Russell, author of "Cheer, boys, cheer!" and many another song of other days. London editors apparently do not believe in too much publicity, so the conversation lacked the presence of most of the chiefs of the "dailies." However, there was Sir Edwin Arnold in fur coat, much to be envied for its warmth in the somewhat frigid atmosphere; there was Mr. P. W. Clayden, of the *Daily News*, President-elect of the Institute; Mr. Henry Norman, Sir Edward Lawson, Mr. John Latey,

Mr. E. E. Peacock, and many other London writers who believe the pen is mightier than the sword. That facile artist, Mr. A. J. Finberg, might be seen sketching the eager throng of listeners to the telephones in connection with the theatres. After 11.30 p.m. many well-known music-hall "stars" began to shine in the firmament, at one time threatening to eclipse the electric light.

On Friday the Conference heard three papers, all interesting: Mr. Joseph R. Fisher discussed "The Journalist before the Law"; Mr. W. L. Thomas, of the *Graphic*, had the advantage of lantern pictures for his subject, "Illustrated Journalism"; and, lastly, M. Zola gave, in rather monotonous French, his views on "Anonymity in the Press." The leading point in his paper was that the anonymous writer "loses all boldness, all passion, all power even," but M. Zola's contrast between journalism's position in France and in England hardly sustained this contention. But one is sincerely thankful for the revival of the theme, albeit it is not capable of much freshness of treatment in this "dead season" of news. The distinguished novelist was very heartily applauded by the large audience which listened to him, and was accorded a hearty vote of thanks for his address.

In the evening the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London entertained the members of the Institute to a ball and reception at the Guildhall. Preceded by four City trumpeters, contributing a note of colour more welcome than their music, his Lordship received his guests in the Fine Art Gallery for about an hour. The Sheriffs (Sir Joseph Renals and Sir Walter Wilkin) bore him company, and shared his labours. The Lord Mayor's daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Knill, looked extremely well in old gold brocade. In the Council Chamber, which was throughout the evening filled with auditors of excellent music, provided by the Guildhall School of Music, the formal reception of Monsieur and Madame Émile Zola took place. The concert was interrupted for a few moments while the famous Frenchman, looking extremely nervous, advanced to the dais, followed by M. Aurélien Scholl, M. Xau, and other visitors.

The prettiest sight was the Guildhall, which never looks to better advantage than when it is utilised as a ball-room. To the strains of Coote and Tinney's band, dancing was continued until a late hour, with evident enjoyment. The pleasure-seeking Pressman had a variety of claims on his attention. He might critically examine the collection of early editions of London newspapers in the library, and note the absence of advertisements in many of them; or he could roam at will through the Museum, refresh himself in five or six different parts of the building, admire the glowing gold plate of the City and jewelled sceptre. Several well-known faces were

in the crowd: Madame Marie Roze, in white silk; Sir Augustus Harris, in all the bravery of crimson; Mr. William Senior ("Redspinner"), relating some of his American experiences; Mr. Melton Prior, filling his sketch-book as rapidly as ever; popular Mr. Harry Lawson and his wife, Sir John Monckton, Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid and Sir Edward Lawson, Mr. Arthur à-Becket, Mr. John Lobb, Sir Joseph and Lady Barnby, and many others. The whole affair was admirably arranged, and was a great success.

Perhaps one reason why the proceedings of the Institute have hitherto lacked the cordial support and presence of many leading journalists is owing to the non-existence of any pressing reforms which might be made by combination. The Press has so few battles yet to be fought that generals find the campaign hardly worth their while. Another point noticeable in connection with the proceedings of the Institute has been ignorance of the features of leading writers; it would have tried the ingenuity of the oldest journalist to label the personalities of most of those who have been present. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that, for the first time, an International Congress of writers for the Press has assembled in the Metropolis, and this is a great fact. It is possible that the next Conference will be held in Antwerp, a deputation having cordially invited the Institute thither.

The annual dinner took place on Saturday evening at the Crystal Palace, and was numerously attended. This week various excursions to Hatfield, Portsmouth, &c., are taking place.



ÉMILE ZOLA.

Photo by A. Liebert, Paris.

THE CZAR IN COUNTRY QUARTERS.

Spala, the Czar's summer retreat, is situated in a huge pine forest to the south-west of Warsaw, on the river Pilica, a tributary of the Vistula. It is just eleven years since his Majesty, thoroughly worn out after the

and black game, and here it is that the Czar, ever a keen sportsman, finds relaxation in the company of his family and a few chosen friends. The Empress, whose grace, kindness, and simplicity are equalled only by her sister, the Princess of Wales, hardly leaves the side of her consort, and her Majesty's welcome as a hostess will never be forgotten by those who are thus honoured. In their Majesties' company are also, of course,

their two eldest children, the Grand Duke Nicholas, and his sister, the Grand Duchess Xenia, their second son, George, having unfortunately been absent for two years in the Caucasus in search of health. The chief personages shown in the photographs, in addition to those referred to, are the Grand Dukes Vladimir and Alexis, uncle and brother of the Czar, Prince Albert of Saxe-Altenburg, the Prussian General of Infantry von Werder, the Count and Countess Kutusoff, the Countess Woronoff-Daskoff, &c.

On hunt days the inmates of the château are roused at six o'clock by the sound of French horns, and the Imperial family presently appear on the steps, dressed in the simplest fashion. The Czarina generally drives her husband and daughter to some rendezvous in the forest, returning to luncheon, which is served at about noon in the woods, and the table of his Majesty—by no means a despiser of good living—is famed for its culinary delicacies. The travelling kitchen of the Czar has no equal in the world. It can provide a dinner for a hundred persons, go everywhere by its own traction engine, and has quite a host of attendants.

When at Spala the Czar and Czarina mix freely with the peasantry. On such occasions the Czarina and her husband serve the humble peasantry with their own hands, encourage them to eat, drink, dance, and enjoy themselves, and, as everybody knows, the Russian peasant simply worships the Czar and his pretty wife. They can do no wrong, and her Majesty delights in presenting and even tying round their own necks those gaudy kerchiefs in which the Russian peasant women glory. Then come the delightful, cosy dinners and the chat in the drawing-room afterwards, or the rubber of which Alexander III. is so fond.



THE CHÂTEAU AT SPALA.

murder of his father and Nihilist attempts on his own life, first came here. At that time he had to be content with a few plain rooms in the lodge of the head-keeper of the forests. He then decided to build the present residence, a plain structure in timber. The forests around, primeval in character, teem with game, chiefly deer, with capercaillie

the Russian peasant simply worships the Czar and his pretty wife. They can do no wrong, and her Majesty delights in presenting and even tying round their own necks those gaudy kerchiefs in which the Russian peasant women glory. Then come the delightful, cosy dinners and the chat in the drawing-room afterwards, or the rubber of which Alexander III. is so fond.



A DRIVE IN THE FOREST: THE CZAR, CZARINA, AND DAUGHTER.



LUNCH IN THE FOREST.



THE IMPERIAL TRAVELLING KITCHEN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Hon. George Lambton, who presides over a training establishment at Newmarket, and turns out good winners for Lord Molyneux, Mr. Dawkins, and others, is a young brother of the Earl of Durham. Mr. Lambton is one of the best amateur riders in England, and he has gained many notable victories. It is rumoured at Newmarket that Mr. Lambton will manage the Drag Hunt during the coming winter, and no abler master could be found, as he is always well-horsed, and knows every inch of country round the neighbourhood of the hunt. Mr. Lambton and Lord Molyneux have started a riding school, in which their horses are practised, and should the Jockey Club decide that jumpers must not practise on the Heath, as they contemplated doing at one time, Mr. Lambton could still avail himself of his school, which, by-the-bye, should be of the greatest use when the frosts come along.

The youngest sporting vaticinator connected with daily journalism is Mr. C. Edwards, who so ably fills the part of "Major Ray," of the *Sun*. Mr. Edwards has for nine years been connected with the sporting department of evening newspapers. As he graduated in what is facetiously termed by sporting reporters "the Coe gang," he has had plenty of



Photo by Parisian School of Photography, Fleet Street.
"MAJOR RAY."

experience. Mr. Edwards, although young in years, is old in knowledge, so far as horses and their doings are concerned, and he could do better without a book at hand than some could with a well-filled library. In many evening papers of to-day modern methods prevail, and for that reason youth has a capital chance of being served. Mr. Edwards is a good all-round athlete. He plays a good game of cricket, and has won prizes for running and swimming, and, I am very pleased to be able to add, trains on nothing stronger than water.

The Autumn Handicaps continue to be much talked about, but the bookmakers say that very little business is done on them. It seems that the public will not back Prisoner for the Cesarewitch, because the price is too short, while they are afraid to back anything to beat him. I do not think it will turn out to be a one-horse race, as, if I am not mistaken, there are one or two animals that have been specially saved for the event that can stay every yard of the course. I hardly think the prize will go to the north of England, unless Harry Hall has a smasher in Golden Drop. But great danger is to be feared from Manton and Lambourn, where they know how to train stayers. Alec Taylor's best should be a good one indeed, while the selected of Hobbs's stable may be better still.

I thought at one time that the Duke of York Stakes would have caused plenty of excitement, but the affair has fallen flat. It seems many owners think the handicapper has been over-lenient with Avington, who is certainly well in, but it does not follow that he will win; indeed, history teaches us that luck in these matters is always on the side of the weight-adjuster. How often, for instance, has Mr. Dorling been criticised for "throwing" horses in the City and Suburban? Yet the Epsom handicapper always had the laugh at his critics after the winning number had gone up. Avington likes the Kempton course, so does Orvieto, and I am not so sure that the event is all over bar the shouting.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

The last few days have let us know that the summer is unmistakably over, and that the autumn promises to be anything but a mild one. We have begun to sit over fires and eat *pain grillé* whenever we can get the chance, and the one great topic of feminine conversation is, of course, winter clothes. Velvet is to be very much worn again this year, but in simple colours; the mania for shaded and multi-coloured tints has quite died out. Furs, as usual, will be very popular, and to those who are brave enough to wear it ermine will be fashionable. I say brave enough, as I don't think there is a more difficult fur in the world to wear becomingly. One's complexion must be perfect to begin with, and that's a thing that is very rare, unfortunately, nowadays, and so most of us have quite sense enough to sport something that will add to any beauty we may possess, and, therefore, I think that, in spite of the efforts of furriers and tailors, ermine, except as a lining, will, in vulgar parlance, have to take a back seat, or peg, after all, in the wardrobes of our leaders of fashions.

A most extraordinary and, happily, unusual phenomenon lately took place at the Château de Passat, near Rodez, in the Department of the Aveyron, the residence of the Comte and Comtesse d'Adhemar. During a most violent thunderstorm, the château, which, by-the-way, is an old feudal fortress, situated at a height of about 2296 ft., was struck by lightning, and a huge ball of fire crashed through the roof, and exploded above a table at which were seated the Comtesse and her son, and a M. de Bonald. Fortunately, nobody was hurt, although their escape was nothing less than miraculous.

M. Charles de Lesseps, who has been set at liberty, after a detention of nine months in prison, has, I hear, aged considerably during that time, and is now little more than a broken-down wreck of his former self in the days when there was no more honoured family in France than the De Lesseps. He has joined his father at the Château de Chavaysne, where the old man has been for some time, in happy ignorance of all scandal.

Madame Bruaux (*née* Pauline Adèle Delacroix) has reason to think herself badly treated by the justices of France. In 1887 she was sentenced to penal servitude for life for having poisoned her husband and brother-in-law. There was only circumstantial evidence against her. It was proved that she had lived rather unhappily with her husband, and had had more or less intimate relations with another man, and this all went against the poor woman, and she was consequently imprisoned for life. About two years afterwards another death occurred in the same house under similar circumstances, and a *post-mortem* examination being made, the same symptoms of poisoning appeared as in the other two deaths. It remained an unsolved mystery until quite recently, when yet another death having taken place, a most careful investigation was made, when it was found that a limekiln near the house filled it with poisonous gases sufficient to cause death. The Committee of Pardons submitted the case to the President of the Republic, who signed a decree of pardon, and Madame Bruaux was at once set at liberty.

During the first act of "Valkyrie" at the Opéra the other night, and while M. Saléza and Madame Bosman were singing the *duo d'amour*, the orchestra suddenly stopped, owing to a fault of the director. The audience showed their displeasure by whistling so wildly that the curtain had to be lowered, and M. Mangin took the bâton in place of M. Viardot, who, it is stated, has since received his demission as *chef d'orchestre*.

A novel chase has been inaugurated by M. H. de la Tour, near Paris. A wolf had been seen prowling about the small forest of St. Gratien, and so a hunt was hastily formed by the above sportsman and a dozen of friends, numbering several ladies, and off they started with the dogs to find him. After about a couple of hours' hard riding and search they started him, and a most exciting chase took place, the wolf attacking and wounding several young dogs severely, and then made tracks as hard as possible across the plain of Verrières, where he was finally shot with a rifle by M. Beltz, one of the party, and his carcase given to the dogs. It means a most severe winter when a wolf appears so early in the autumn, or rather late in the summer, as this.

"The French Government," says the *Figaro*, "is well aware now that it has been completely deceived by the English authorities, who, it is difficult to say why, have always concealed the truth about Dr. Hertz." This little outburst is on account of a false report circulated that Hertz was not only quite well again, but had actually paid a surreptitious visit to France. In spite of Dr. Frazer telegraphing that it is incorrect that Dr. Hertz could have left Bournemouth, the French Government sticks to the belief that he is once more at large, and says that all the despatches received contain no direct denial of his disappearance, though they insinuate it.

The Folies-Bergère has opened for the season, and the programme is a most excellent one. Mdlle. Martins, who took the beauty prize at Vienna one year, is exhibiting her shooting capabilities, while the new ballet, "L'Arc-en-Ciel," is one of the prettiest I have ever seen. One of the dancers, Pierrot, is a celebrity of the Moulin Rouge, where she was known under the name of Mélérite. NIMOSA.



SMALL TALK.

After some months in the provinces, whither his reputation had long since preceded him, Mr. Chevalier has returned to town and its "turns." It is long since Mr. Chevalier must have come to the conclusion that he did the right thing to abandon the stage proper, where he was—was he not?—for the last time as Fluffy in "Katti" at the Strand Theatre. He struck a vein in his costerana; but would it last? After his reception last week there can be surely little doubt that the vein may be worked for a long time to come, or, at any rate, that Mr. Chevalier stands



Photo by Mr. B. Chevalier (copyright).

MR. CHEVALIER AS RICHARD FLUFFY IN "KATTI."

alone in these coster rôles. It is true he is apt to idealise the man of the "moko" in a way which an artist like Mr. Gus Elen is never tempted to do, and yet the Chevalier method is quite inimitable. To some of us it may be difficult to attach much reality to his new song, wherein the coster gently rocks a cradle and apostrophises the sleeping child in it; but the music is so pretty, and Mr. Chevalier has such a quaint way of chanting it, that the song should prove as popular as anything he has done in the same line. Let me sample the opening verse and the chorus—

Oh, 'e's run 'is little legs orf,
And now 'e's gawn to sleep;
Lor', whât a puflick mint o' love
Lies in that little 'cap!
'E's a babby to be proud on,
'Is weight's not fur orf a stone;
'E's worth 'is weight in thick 'uns,
And 'e's all our very own.

Chorus.
Sleep lightly,
Dream brightly;
Rest until the daylight comes again.
Waikie up in the mornin'
When the dy is dornin',
But sleep your level best till then.

So "Miami" opens at the Princess's Theatre on Oct. 14. How odd to think that "The Green Bushes" should sprout once more from the almost-forgotten stumps! Well do I remember the old cast at the Adelphi: Benjamin Webster, Paul Bedford, and Madame Celeste. I wonder much how Mr. Evelyn, who is allotted Paul Bedford's part, will roll out the once supposed-to-be-immortal, "I believe you, my boy." I can call Paul to mind when he used to sit in the old Albion, opposite Drury Lane. That, too, was Ben Webster's favourite hostelry, and he nearly always called in there before wending Brixtonwards.

Apropos of nothing in particular, Mr. Warham St. Leger, who does the lyrics, is quite capable of turning out something pretty. A contributor to *Punch*, he also did excellent work under Mr. Henry Pottinger Stephens when the latter edited *Life* and the *Topical Times*. Mr. St. Leger, too, was on the staff of the *Examiner* during the régime of Charles Williams, the Chairman of the Institute of Journalists' Reception Committee. The lyricist is about forty years of age, though looking, apparently, much younger, and might well be taken for a smart Engineer officer, with his heavy brown moustache, light suit, and straw hat. Perhaps, however, he is best known as the author of "Silver Guilt," the popular burlesque on "The Silver King," which came out at the Strand with Teddy Righton and Miss Laura Linden on the programme.

The accommodation for "the profession" at the Princess's is remarkably good. Heyday! times were very different when, years ago, I used to visit there when under Vining's management. When they were playing "Arrah-na-Pogue," I remember seeing poor Jimmy Shore in a dressing-room in which the sole furniture consisted of a broken-down sofa covered with sacking-canvas, a chair with a broken leg, a bit of glass—in the wall, I think—and a dressing service that would have disgraced a broker's shop in the Mile End Road. Yet they were happy days, all the same. By-the-way, too, the Prince of Wales frequently visited Vining's room. As to the green-room of the Princess's, I can tell you a little story about Serjeant Ballantine. He was seated there in a somewhat reminiscent mood, when Vining, who was a little bored with his company (for even quick-witted counsel do sometimes help to make life miserable), said to the famous advocate, perhaps as a gentle hint, "Why, Ballantine, you always seem to be coming here." "Yes," was the answer, "I always was fond of dissolute society."

One of the best printed "first numbers" which I have seen is *The Woman at Home* (Hodder and Stoughton). It is the latest addition to that form of literature which is one of the features of this period—the sixpenny monthly illustrated magazine. The only weak part about the new venture is its title: why not *Woman at Home*? Its contents are carefully calculated to appeal to the public for which the magazine intends to cater, "the great mass of middle-class women, who are, after all, the reading feminine public," as Annie S. Swan claims. An interesting article on the Princess of Wales is followed by a story based on the experiences of a lady doctor, a poem by Norman Gale, and a study from life by Madame Sarah Grand. Twenty portraits of brides and bridegrooms ought to popularise matrimony, if only for the honour of appearing in the elegant pages of *The Woman at Home*. Little Olga Beatty-Kingston, who inherits some of the journalistic ability of her father, details her experiences in M. Pasteur's Institute; Madame Patti is once again interviewed at her lovely home, and gives a "Page of Confessions." There is a story by Maarten Maartens, adorned with his portrait; "Sunday Readings," by the Dean of Armagh; and the remaining section is devoted to the discussion of women's employments, house-furnishing, health, and fashions.

Reference was made in these columns last week to the Gaelic Mod at Oban. But one need not go so far away as Oban to know that old times are living within the sound of Bow Bells, kept vigorously alive by the Gaelic Society of London, which was founded in 1777. I am not a member. How could I be, when the gatherings of the clans in Cockneydom are conducted in Gaelic? Yet, there is hope for the Sassenach, for from last year's report, which is printed in English as well as in the mother tongue, I note among the vice-presidents Professor Gaidoz, of Paris, Professor Henry Morley, and Professor Rhys, none of whom, so far as I know, are Celts. The autumn session is coming on, the most interesting item, perhaps, being a Gaelic competition. One subject is "The best original Gaelic essay, in prose, on 'Why the Gaelic should be preserved as a spoken language'"; while budding bards may soar in a "poem or song of not more than four lines each, with or without a chorus, on any Highland theme." One can readily understand, however—compare Mr. William Black—that the members are never so patriotic as when they hear the skirl of the pipes, which at times wakes up the echoes of Crane Court.

One of the first laws of self-government on my part lays it down that what last century poets called the wine-cup is eschewed until the labours and heats of the day are over. Therefore, when peaceably walking in Finsbury Park last Wednesday morning, I looked up, to see an enormous elephant bearing down on me at full speed. I never thought of accusing my friends' champagne of the night before; but, with a decent middle-aged agility, got behind the nearest shelter, and waited for developments, with a proud consciousness that this disturbing element was an elephant and no cockroach. So subsequent events proved. This particular elephant was homesick, and evidently had mixed up Tottenham with the native bush and forest of its youth. So, disregarding all arguments on the part of its keeper, it started at a hand-gallop for its native jungle, crashing through garden gates, levelling the suburban villa wall, despoiling clothes-lines, alarming ladies in fragile health, converting several chronic inebriates, and finally, after a long drink at the New River, drawing rein in a field at the aforesaid hamlet, where the blown and somewhat heated circus-keeper claimed it for his own. John Gilpin never caused half the excited clamour as he went his wigless way. The neighbourhood of Highbury Vale is disorganised and undone for at least a fortnight, and the rate-payers will be in a state of claiming compensation for a season—all on account of an elephantine Eliza.

While the Queen is at Balmoral all her correspondence is sent up to London every day by a special home service messenger, and then forwarded from Buckingham Palace to the General Post Office by a member of the household, whose sole duty it is to attend to her Majesty's letters. He also has to attend at the General Post Office every morning to receive all letters that have arrived for the Queen. These he takes back to Buckingham Palace, and in due course sends them off to Balmoral by the daily "out" messenger.

The Prince of Wales, who had some important private business to discuss with her Majesty, went on from Balmoral to New Mar Lodge to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Fife. The Prince has a lively horror of the "deadly dullness" of his mother's Highland home, and always gets away as soon as possible. All the best "sanctuaries" had been reserved for the Prince's visit to Mar Lodge, and he has obtained excellent sport. The Prince comes south for the Newmarket October Meeting, as he is anxious to see the Czarewitch run this year.

The Mayor and Mayoress of Stockton-on-Tees, Major and Mrs. Ropner, have secured the presence of the "young royal couple," as we are getting into the way of calling them, for their function of opening Ropner Park on Wednesday. The Duke and Duchess of York are to be right royally received, and Stockton is breaking out into extensive decorations of a public and private character to celebrate the event. The rooms in St. James's Palace occupied by the young couple are now all set out in their wedding-gift finery, and a member of the household told me a day or two since that it was charming to see the genuine delight both bride and bridegroom took in arranging all these pretty things on their return "home."

The historic collection of armour and weapons in the great hall and the King's Guard Chamber at Hampton Court Palace are now undergoing a much needed process of cleaning and restoring. This important work has been entrusted to Mr. S. J. Whawell, the well-known expert, whose practical experience almost entitles him to be considered the great representative—at least, in this country—of the renowned armourers of the Middle Ages. Visitors to the Royal Academy last year may remember the splendid Maximilian suit of armour which figured in Mr. John Pettie's picture of "The Ultimatum." This was entirely the handiwork of Mr. Whawell. He states that on account of the high prices realised on ancient armour and arms in the last few years the number of skilful forgeries is on the increase, especially in Italy, where remarkably good imitations of mediæval armour are being palmed off on many amateur collectors, artists, and dealers as genuine antiques. The forgery is often so skilfully effected that only a practical armourer and antiquary combined, of many years' experience, could possibly detect the fraud, especially as now they avoid the error of reproducing well-known pieces of workmanship exhibited in museums and private collections both in England and on the Continent.

A fat buck feeding leisurely in Windsor Great Park, or in the glades of some other royal pleasure, may have but little resemblance to a "white elephant," but turned into venison, by the shot of the keeper, and sent to the Kingston workhouse, the animal becomes by no means unlike that historic "earth-shaking beast." "What shall we do with it?" was the question discussed a few days ago by the Kingston Guardians on learning that the Mayor had forwarded to them a fat buck received from her Majesty. There were as many questionings on the subject of its disposal as were ever asked by those two heroes of nursery rhyme, "Richard and Robin, the two pretty men," who arose one morning with the intention of hunting the wren, and whose questions and answers as to its finding, its killing, and its cooking have been matters of interest to countless juveniles. At Kingston there were plenty of "Richards and Robins" to question, but the "Bibbins and Bobbins and the John" of the legend, who were so ready to answer, appear to have been few, and the matter was adjourned till such time as the carcase of the buck actually arrived.

Brighton has broken out into fresh brilliancy. I was passing the sea-front, which it is the custom of Brightonians to vaunt as the finest in the world, in a friend's yacht on the evening of the inauguration of the new electric lamps. We were about a mile from the shore, and slipping along easily towards Portsmouth, when, just before seven o'clock, we saw five brilliant lights flash out; almost simultaneously, some thirty more great lamps flashed along towards the east, and the sea-front of the Queen of Watering-Places—always an imposing one when seen from the sea at night-time—looked brighter than ever. Being ignorant of the ceremony—in which Mrs. Ewart, the Brighton Mayoress, was the principal figure, the *dea ex machina*—we wondered, as we sailed merrily on towards the west, what had happened at Brighton, and it was not till the Monday morning, when we were lying quietly anchored in Portsmouth Harbour, above the old Victory, that we learned from our morning paper that Brighton had started some forty electric lamps of great power and brilliancy between the Hove boundary and the Aquarium, and that we had witnessed the first lighting of these from a most admirable vantage ground, if one may so call the Channel.

Portsmouth Harbour is always interesting to me, with its constant naval and military stir and bustle, its ferry, its dockyards, its shipping, with the Victory majestically dominating all; while on the Gosport side, almost opposite to Nelson's ship, there are generally some fine yachts to be seen, for there, side by side, are the yards of two of the "crackest" yacht

builders and sail-makers in the world. On the Monday that I speak of a fresh excitement was added by the arrival of the Victoria and Albert with the Duchess of Albany and her children on board, fresh from their cruise in Scottish waters. From a friend of mine, who has the good luck to be an officer on the Queen's yacht, I heard that they had had a delightful trip, and my friend was loud in his praise of the widowed Duchess. By-the-way, a Portsmouth veteran, who came aboard our own little craft, told me an amusing story of a former Port Admiral, for the truth of which he vouched. It was Admiral Sir Henry Keppel who then, I believe, held that post, and coming out of the dockyard one evening as "the shades of night were falling fast," he, being in mufti, was cannoned by a sailor in liquor.irate at no apology being offered, Sir Henry stopped the man and asked him did he know whom he was running against? "No; nor I don't care," replied Jack. "I'm Sir Henry Keppel; I'm Port Admiral." "Ah," said the drunken one, "damned nice billet you've got," and staggered on. "What could I do?" said the Port Admiral, when he retailed the story, and, as a matter of fact, I believe he did nothing but laugh immoderately at the comic side of the incident.

In the history, yet to be written—though the acute critics tell us it won't occupy much space—of the English stage during the latter half of

this reign some reference will have to be made to that peculiar hybrid species of play which is known, with variations, as "comedy-drama." In any such reference, however slight, Miss Minnie Palmer, must be named as the greatest exponent of such fare. It seems quite an age since the little lady first appeared on this side as the romping tomboy in "My Sweetheart." Her vivacity was unflagging, and the sort of humour which she infused into the piece was quite infectious. And yet, although it seems so long ago since Miss Palmer first charmed a certain section of playgoers, she has not lost by years, for only the other week she filled Miss Letty Lind's shoes in "Morocco Bound" with as much "go" as she showed any time these dozen years. "How



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MISS MINNIE PALMER.

is it done?" you ask. That is My Sweetheart's secret. In any case, she sings and dances with the same vigour as ever. Miss Palmer's appreciators—and they form a goodly band—as a rule admire not so much the piece in which she appears as the lady herself, so that her popularity, depending so largely upon herself, is not likely to wane for a long time to come.

Simultaneously with the advent of M. Zola in London there is a great outburst of sentimental delving at the root, aim, and influence of the modern novel. The professors of Tweedledum and Tweedledee are enjoying themselves amazingly and with questionable taste in having a tilt at the "pernicious" French fiction of the day. Even the earth over Balzac's grave is worried and pushed about by these amateur ants for the argumentative purposes of their own particular ant-hill; and M. Taine, the psychological, has his pet doctrines worried, pinched, and blistered out of all their premier lines of beauty by the same industrious fraternity. "The novel of passion" is declared to be impossible as a picture of nature, all passion being spontaneous, and, as such, escaping the critical analysis. "You can love, but you cannot write about it," one wise saw declares, "for everything one dissects is dead"; while another authority on the subject tells us, on the other hand, that you cannot draw tears from stranger eyes unless you have shed them first. All, harking back however, to a certain standpoint, declare that the descriptive novel has its limits, which "propriety"—misused word—forbids it to exceed. This creed is the five-barred gate which M. Zola—a giant in paces—has leaped. The blame, in my small opinion, is not to such as he, but the smaller, meaner fry who, in trying to follow, have stumbled into the mire and stirred its odours into the virtuous noses of the passers-by.

Succi, the fasting man, is now paying the penalty of outraging nature, and is confined in an asylum, his delusion being that he is Cæsar and Napoleon in one.

Strolling through a little Sussex village a few days ago, I came across a handsome, sturdy old rustic returning from his work. I was so struck with his appearance that I entered into conversation, and learned that he was well past three score years and ten, and had "nought to complain on as he knew of, but that he was more tired after his day's work than he used to be," which fact, indeed, seemed to rankle in his mind, and was evidently a cause of much indignation on his part, for he repeated his grievance over and over again. It reminded me of the late Queen Adelaide's coachman, who lived to be well over ninety, and who enjoyed to the last day of his life a small pension, free quarters at Hampton Court, and all his faculties. Said the old gentleman to his son one day, when his "boy"—about sixty, and an assistant in a well-known Regent Street establishment—went down to inquire how he was on his ninety-first birthday: "George, I'm beginning to think I'm a-getting old. I dug potatoes this morning before breakfast, and—would you believe it?—my back ached."

"The other day" writes a correspondent, "I scrambled up to the top of Cheviot, the highest hill or mountain in the border range. It was a beautiful day, and the walk was very interesting to a naturalist. At first the way led by a burn lined by quaint, gnarled alders; very, very old; then the lower slopes were all of grass, bracken, and heather, where a few grouse and black game rose. Farther up, the bracken was replaced by the mountain shield fern and blaeberry. Then this, too, went, and all the flowers except the yellow geum. At last, on the very top, the principal growths were cranberry heather and short grass, and in the bogs the cotton-rush, waving white. And so I sat on a cairn, 2679 ft. high, and looked out over the world—England on the one hand, Scotland on the other. And as I sat there was a scramble, a squeak, and a weasel had caught and killed a vole. The stones were riddled with the runs of these creatures. And it seemed odd to think of this little drama of life and death being played on always up there among the clouds, with no one to interfere, no one to see, but the peregrine falcon who hung up above me in the sky, watching for the grouse."

A correspondent has taken seriously a paragraph which appeared in last week's "Small Talk" anent Queen Anne's Mansions. This excellent abode does not rival Chicago "sky-scrapers," for, happily, it has only twelve floors, not thirty-eight. The whole ascent of the building takes scarcely a minute, so the extravagant expenditure of time mentioned in our paragraph must have been a flight of imagination, and not of person. As to the Mansions being "in liquidation," I am glad to hear this is entirely erroneous, and am sorry to have given currency to such a mis-statement. The Mansions have been, and still are, one of the most popular residences in London, owing to their excellence of accommodation and position.

Camden Church, the ugly old square brick edifice, with its pews and galleries, the church where Melville drew all London to listen to his golden counsels, delivered in such persuasive tones, where Daniel Moore stirred his congregations from the old-fashioned pulpit dear to our grandfathers, and where Canon Fleming preached the eloquent sermon which induced the Duke of Westminster—an unknown listener—to offer him the living of St. Michael's, Chester Square—Camden Church has, after all these years of evangelical tradition and teaching, put on, under its new incumbent, Dr. O'Brien, the garb of Anglicanism, and its congregations of bygone times would hardly recognise this abnormally hideous place of worship. A new pulpit in a new position, open seats instead of pews, a surprised choir of boys and men in the chancel, instead of singers of both sexes in the West Gallery, and last, but not least, the preacher appealing to an overwhelming congregation in the white surplice of the High instead of the Geneva gown of the Low Church!

The bibulously inclined should rejoice at the news which comes from the vine districts. Never within the memory of the oldest has there been such a full and generous vintage, not even excepting the comet year. Wine-casks are at a premium, and the French and Italian coopers are having a prosperous time. The novel demand of "Any old wine casks to sell?" has been cried through the streets of not Paris only, but several of the big Continental towns for the past fortnight or three weeks as well. I hear that in the country districts they have been using water-casks and barrels since the other supply gave out. And ordinary casks, commonly sold at three to four francs, are now retailed and bought with avidity for ten and twelve francs. All the same, we need not flatter ourselves that Burgundy or the "topaz-coloured Chablis" will cheer our thirsty way at the market price of small beer. It is only the light, ordinary wines which will sing to a smaller tune, and these, of course, do not cross Channel without muchly impaired flavour.

What delicious humour to the sportsman in an account of the races which form the principal attraction of *la grande semaine* at Biarritz, which has been sent me by a friend! It appears that autumn fashions had been very lavishly ordered in advance from Paris by the prosperous, while an epidemic of dressmaking had raged in the charming town itself for full four weeks before the great event of the week took place. But alas for the inglorious records of sporting Biarritz! Only one horse ran in the third race on Sunday week, while two prancing steeds had the field to themselves in another. Enormous excitement and heavy bets, notwithstanding, prevailed among the fair, who risked chocolate and patchouli in the most

headlong wagers on their respective favourites. If the racing was not remarkable, however, the dresses were. Your true Parisian modiste puts her soul as well as her fingers into a race costume. So the ladies had ample opportunity for criticising each other's confections in the pauses of this literal "one-horse affair." A very good ball given at the Angleterre on Sunday evening was well attended and danced through with great enjoyment by the young people, who didn't care a straw how the races went provided there was no poverty of flirtacious essentials; and these were amply provided for by an excellent band, superb open air weather, and a benignant full moon. Prince Boris Blivinski, Mr. W. Kane, the two Princes Pignatelli, and Mr. W. Barron are, with many others, excellent representatives of the dancing set among the *jeunesse dorée* here. Among many hospitable residents, Mrs. Pennington Mellor's beautiful villa stands with ever open doors, and a liberal programme of gaieties has also been arranged by M. and Madame Ariseum, who have just arrived.

The half-finished dependency of Biarritz which an enterprising English company brought into incomplete existence some years ago has received an important impetus since the interesting ex-Queen of Serbia chose a site at Castel Biarritz for her summer residence. The half-finished houses, hostels, and so forth have come out of the semi-retirement of the Bankruptcy Court—that chronic third volume of the sanguine builder's history—and got themselves finished with all speed for the reception of many who will patronise Castel Biarritz now that royalty has chosen to abide in its sylvan prettiness. At present Queen Natalie's mansion is conjugating the verb "To be," and meanwhile the dark-eyed royal poetess lives in some handsomely furnished rooms over her future stables, which were prepared for her home-coming last week. The ex-Queen drives in her pretty pony carriage most mornings to Biarritz, and takes a hot sea-water bath at the *établissement*.

This is a disillusioning world. But the last blow I have had has painfully shattered an old belief, and removed the halo which hitherto mingled with the bouquet of my after-dinner *Bénédictine*. I was always under the impression that the exquisite liqueur was made at the monastery; but a friend of mine, who went last week to Fécamp, which Mrs. Humphry Ward has helped to make fashionable, writes me as follows: "No distillery could be more prosaic than that of Fécamp. A museum there certainly is, with mediæval relics of the one time abbey. But the sole romance at present is that M. Legrand and his sons are the only three people in the world who know the secret of this wonderful liquid. Since the old abbey was dissolved and the monks dispersed the Legrand family have held the recipe for making *Bénédictine*, and kept it. Numberless vats, hundreds of bright copper vessels stand all round endless girls in pale blue uniforms, with '*Bénédictine*' embroidered on their belts, and *voilà tout!* One point about the manufacture is curious. Herbs many and various are grown in the vicinity, which are used in preparation of the liqueur, and the very gardeners who cultivate them do not know their names. The seeds or cuttings are given them, their required treatment is laid down, but the men know no more."

"DOLLARS AND SENSE," AT DALY'S.

It is not easy to see why Mr. Daly should have re-opened his theatre with "Dollars and Sense," for it is not a brilliant work, nor does it give great scope to the actors, or, rather, to the bright star of the company. In fact, the parts are pretty well balanced, and, since the company is not 18-carat all through, the result is a little trying. However, the real tooth I have against it—to translate the queer French idiom—is that it puts Miss Ada Rehan in a position irritating to her admirers. It hardly needs an actress of genius to play a part the chief humour of which—a by no means novel humour—consists of her efforts to disgust an old gentleman who wishes to see what sort of wife she would make for his son. Such a scene might, indeed, have been finely written, but it is not. Miss Rehan comes on with a huge, touzled wig, in an Oriental dressing-gown that discloses acres of white petticoats, and kicks up her heels and sings like a mad woman. It is almost as bad as an episode in a nigger sketch. The play has its lively scenes, chiefly when Mr. James Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert are cleverly acting together; he, as a youthful old man, who wants to try giddy bachelor life, and she, as his wife, an elderly dame with no nonsense about her. There is cleverness, too, in the manoeuvres of Mr. G. Clarke to get away from the wife whom he is supposed to love and flirt with a woman he does not care about. The business, however, of the lying telegrams seems pale when one remembers the false "wires" in "Pink Dominoes." It is interesting to see how steadily Mr. Arthur Boucher improves. He is still rather too restless and self-conscious for modern farcical comedy, but has made strides in a short time. At present his style is a compromise between that of Mr. Charles Wyndham and Mr. Charles Hawtrey. I hope he will abandon it. There is one point in the play, which suggests, falsely I believe, that the American postal arrangements are better than ours. The old gentleman who wants "to go out on the roofs" has a telegram sent to him purporting to come from a friend called Peabody. His fraud is discovered by the fact that that Peabody died the day before. Here we should merely think the "wire" had travelled a little more slowly than usual. After all, there are some merry moments in "Dollars and Sense," and Miss Ada Rehan has one little scene that she can play in her inimitable style. To see her for a few minutes at her best is compensation for a duller evening than is caused to even the critical by the play.



MISS MINNIE PALMER SINGING "MARGUERITE" IN "MOROCCO BOUND."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"DODO." BY E. F. BENSON.

Mr. Benson has had the good fortune to involve himself in a controversy about social ethics and the functions of art. Some very "smart" people are supposed to be indignant because his novel (*Methuen and Co.*) is a transcript of their interesting and useful lives. He is even charged with having made his heroine a literal portrait of what is called "a well-known society woman," a definition which is a valuable contribution to sociology and the English language. Deeply stirred by this unfounded accusation, Mr. Benson has written an article in one of the reviews, in which the whole duty of a novelist is laid down with academic precision. Nothing is more inartistic in fiction than to photograph your friends. You must study them, of course, with a view, not to an exact likeness, but to representation of types. If Jones accosts you at the club with "What d'ye mean by drawing me as a confounded idiot in your confounded book?" you must point out to him that the character to which he objects contains only one-fifteenth of Jones, the remaining fourteen-fifteenths being collected impartially from his acquaintances. The serious trouble is, as Mr. Benson lucidly explains, that when you represent a strongly marked type in a particular *milieu* the limitation of the survey increases the chances that some actual person will be singled out—of course, in the most wrong-headed way—as your one and only model. Your heroine may be a most artistically designed epitome of a certain variety of woman-kind, and yet some obstinate people may insist that she is one of those abnormal women who combine the qualities of the type and the portrait.

If this question has increased the general interest in *Dodo*, I am bound to say she thoroughly deserves it. She is a heartless little jade, but her piquancy, her facile vivacity, never flag, and her aptitude for reconstructing the world at a moment's notice to suit her temporary point of view—an eminently feminine capacity—amounts to genius. *Dodo* is the daughter of an ironfounder, generally supposed to be "looking after his affairs in the country while the rest of the family were amusing themselves in London." *Dodo's* mamma and sister are merely satellites of that social luminary. *Maud Vane* has a great devotion to worsted, and when she marries a parson she makes more stockings than ever to supply the wants of his parish. *Mrs. Vane's* ambition is to bask in the glory of her brilliant daughter, especially when *Dodo* is engaged to a marquis. She receives visitors on the evening when the engagement becomes public property. "So kind of you to come. I know *Dodo* is dying to see you and be congratulated. Darling," she says, turning to *Maud*, "run and tell *Dodo* that Lord Burwell has arrived. So good of you to come. And how do you do, dear Mr. Broxton? Of course, *Dodo* has told you of our happiness. Thanks, yes; we are all charmed with her engagement. And the Marquis is your cousin, is he not? How nice! May I tell *Maud* she may call you Cousin Jack? Such a pleasure to have you. *Dodo* is simply expiring to see you. Did she see you this morning? Really! She never told me of it, and my sweet child usually tells me everything." That morning, in the Park, *Dodo* has acquainted Mr. Broxton with her destiny, much to his discontent, for he is very sweet upon her himself, and he is genuinely concerned about his very simple-minded cousin, *Chesterford*, who is going to marry this butterfly. "I must have lots of money," she explains to the disappointed lover. "Yes; a big must and a big lot. It's not your fault that you haven't got any, and it wouldn't have been your fault if you had been born with no nose, but I couldn't marry a man who was without either." As for *Chesterford*, "I shall be very good to him. I can't pretend that I am what is known as being in love with him—in fact, I don't think I know what that means, except that people get in a very ridiculous state, and write sonnets to their mistress's front teeth; which reminds me that I'm going to the dentist to-morrow. . . . Ah, Jack! I wish that I really knew what it did mean. It can't be all nonsense, because *Chesterford's* like that, and he is an honest man, if you like. And I do respect and

admire him very much, and I hope I shall make him lappy, and I hear he's got a delightful new yacht; and oh! do look at that *Arbuthnot* girl opposite with a magenta hat. It seems to me inconceivably stupid to have a magenta hat." In the evening she is a little more serious. "Oh! my God, I don't know what to do. It isn't my fault, and I am made like this. I want to know what love is, and I can't—I can't." This is the note of the tragedy—that is to say, the tragedy for *Chesterford*. He is an honest, guileless gentleman, who adores his wife, and when she has a child he adores the child. It lives only a few weeks, and dies one morning when *Dodo* is riding in the Row with Mr. Broxton. For a moment—she has her remorseful moments like the immortal *Becky*—*Dodo* is stricken with compassion for her suffering husband, but her "eminently practical way was to forget everything and absorb herself in something else." She remembered King David's consolation when his child died. "What a sensible man David was! He went and oiled himself, which, I suppose, is the equivalent of putting on one's very best evening dress." The untamable spirits of the woman surge over every serious thought. Three weeks after the baby's death she is preparing for a fancy ball. "I feel like a vampire who's got hold of blood again. I feel like a fish put back into the water, like a convict back in his own warm nest. No charge for mixed metaphors. Supplied free, gratis, and for nothing."

It comes to her after a time that her life with *Chesterford* is unbearable. She discovers that she knows what love means, and that it means Mr. Broxton. That revelation is broken to him with the customary frankness, and he is not slow to reciprocate it; but *Dodo* has made a mistake. Here is the inevitable sequel of such a marriage: husband, wife, lover—the conjunction is not new; the disjunction is not unknown. But the very precipitation of *Dodo's* arrangements for an elopement saves her from that blunder. While she is explaining to Jack that she has ordered the carriage after dinner, at half-past ten, the disgrace of the position comes over him like a flood. His loyalty gets the better of his passion. "Think of your duty to him. Think of our love for each other. Let it be something sacred." It is characteristic of the woman that she acquiesces with a burst of the irrepressible humour. "I believe I have an ideal—which I have never had before—something to respect and keep very clean. Fancy me with an ideal! Mother wouldn't know me again—there never was such a thing in the house. . . . Poor little ideal. I suppose it would

endanger its life if you stopped, wouldn't it, Jack? It must live to grow up. Poor little ideal, what a hell of a time it will have when you're gone!" By an accident *Chesterford* has an inkling of what has happened. It confirms his suspicion that his wife is tired of him. The explanation between the two men is the strongest scene in the whole book, revealing by its simplicity and directness how great a model in fiction Mr. Benson has had in his mind. The tragedy for *Chesterford* is reaching its climax. He has resolved to have no quarrel with his wife, who has recovered all her cheerfulness, and talks amusing nonsense with greater fluency than ever. But one day *Chesterford* is thrown in the hunting field, and dies after an operation. It is one of *Dodo's* brief seasons of genuine remorse. As she says of herself, she always rises to an occasion, and this is obviously the moment to confess all to the husband, who gives the last proof of his unfaltering devotion by begging her to marry Jack. Though the injunction consorts well enough with her inclination, this wayward creature never obeys it, for, in a fit of pique, after a tiff with her lover about an Austrian prince who pursues her pertinaciously, she rushes into a registry-office and emerges as "her Serene Highness."

The subsidiary characters are of little account, and the victorious Austrian is a mere shadow; but as a product of modern society *Dodo*, in her frivolity, her fleeting impulses, her rapid decision, her sparkling fascination, is so admirably lifelike and complete as to make Mr. Benson's novel a notable achievement.

L. F. A.



MR. E. F. BENSON.

PLAS NEWYDD.

A VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF THE "LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN."

With the name of Llangollen the ballad-singer of the modern drawing-room has made us quite familiar, and that

The maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me

we have often been assured by pale-faced, romantic tenors. Yet on visiting the picturesque vale, it is with some surprise that we learn that in its history there is a maid of Llangollen, or, rather, two, the heroines of some amount of sentiment and poetry, although not of the song which has done such good and faithful duty to the tenors for years past. Students of Wordsworth know, of course, all about the lasses, but we are not all students of Wordsworth, and some of us may never have come across the sonnet which he dedicated to them after paying a visit to their charming house, Plas Newydd, in the summer of 1826. At any rate, the writer read it for the first time inscribed on the polished oak walls which, with their grotesque carvings and quaint devices, give Plas Newydd so remarkable an aspect—

A stream to mingle with your favourite Dee
Along the vale of meditation flows;
So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased to see
In Nature's face the expression of repose.
Or haply there some pious hermit chose
To live and die—the peace of Heaven his aim—
To whom the wild, sequestered region owes
At this late day its sanctifying name.
Glyn Cyfaillgarwch, in the Cambrian tongue,
In ours the Vale of Friendship, let this spot
Be named, where faithful to a low-roofed cot
On Deva's bank ye have abode so long:
Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb
Even in this earth above the reach of time.

The lines are carved on three tablets placed on the wall between the old-fashioned lattice-windows and the broad and solid door. They were partly composed, it is said, in the delightful little garden of which we can get a glimpse through the shady trees around the house.

The ladies of Llangollen to whom Wordsworth paid this high honour, and who occupied the house which has become the "show" place of Llangollen, were Lady Eleanor Butler, a descendant of the famous Duke of Ormonde, and the Hon. Miss Ponsonby. The circumstance which gave them their local celebrity entitles them, perhaps, to particular attention at the present time. For they decided in anticipation all such questions as the failure of marriage and the faults of English wives by renouncing the gay world and resolving to live in seclusion and in single blessedness for evermore. To this conclusion they came from love for each other quite as much as antipathy for the other sex. Offers of marriage were rejected by both simply because they could not endure the thought of the separation which their acceptance would entail. When Lady Eleanor Butler was about thirty-four years old and Miss Ponsonby eighteen—for their remarkable friendship arose and continued despite a disparity of sixteen years in their ages—they resolved to leave their homes and find some spot where they could pass their lives together. This remarkable elopement was not successful, however. On reaching

Dublin the fugitives were overtaken, and Miss Ponsonby, being still under age, was compelled to return, and, of course, her bosom friend returned with her. Three years later they again went forth, accompanied by only a devoted Irish servant, Mary Carryl. Chance took them to Denbigh, where, hearing of the beauty of the Vale of Llangollen,



Photo by Cothrell and Pritchard, Chester.

THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN.

they visited it, and resolved to make it their home. They purchased a cottage on this hill just above Llangollen, and, having had it much altered and greatly enlarged, called it Plas Newydd. Thus they found how

'Tis pleasant thro' the loophole of
retreat to peep at the great world,
To see the strife of the great Babel
and not feel the crowd.

This is the traditional story told in Llangollen, but the veracity of some of the details may be open to question.

To the ideal life which the ladies led in this picturesque retreat there is authentic testimony. Few of their friends passed through Llangollen, which is on the coach road from London to Holyhead, without visiting Plas Newydd. Among those they thus hospitably entertained were the Duke of Wellington, De Quincey, Lord Castlereagh, Charles Mathew the elder, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who dined at Plas Newydd while a price was set on his head, all unknown, of course, to his loyal hostesses. It is little of this, however, that one can learn on going over Plas Newydd, conducted by one of Mr. Robertson's maid-servants. Mr. G. H. Robertson, a Liverpool gentleman, and the present tenant of Plas Newydd, has the fullest respect for the memory of the two good ladies. All the embroidery with which they were



Photo by Cothrell and Pritchard, Chester.

THE HOME OF THE LADIES.

went to beguile the hours, the books in English, French, and Italian which they read when more studiously inclined, the numerous articles of *bijouterie* and vertu they accumulated, many of them rare and costly, and some the presents of the ladies' admiring friends, have been reverently treated in his hands. They fill the small rooms to overflowing, the dining-room, the library, the drawing-room, and the bed-room, which, of course, the friends shared. But more remarkable than any of these curios is the polished black oak, of which the Duchess of St. Albans and other of Lady Butler and Miss Ponsonby's distinguished friends were generous donors. One panel on the staircase bears in clearly carved figures the date "1192," and in the corridor above on some oak carvings are inscribed the words, "Charles, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, 1673." The romantic beauty of the grounds where the two ladies had many singing-birds, a reading alcove on the lawn, a fountain of the purest water, and a rustic bridge over the little brook which flows through the shrubbery, is likewise still preserved.

In choosing their place of residence the "Ladies of Llangollen" assuredly showed most excellent judgment. From Plas Newydd there is a clear view across the chimney-pots of the town, while at its rear the Berwyn, rising to a noble height, protects the house from inclement weather. The Dee glistens and sparkles a few hundred feet below, the water eddying and surging through the old bridge, built by the Bishop of St. Asaph in the fourteenth century, which, on account of its early origin, has been described as one of the wonders of Wales. The course of the river can be traced for some miles on either side as it flows through a scenic fairyland of verdure and foliage. On the other side of the valley we get a sterner impression of nature, the crags and rocks of Dinas Bran having an aspect of impressive grandeur viewed from Plas Newydd. On the whole, one can understand the fair owner of Plas Newydd saying with the poet—

Here let me still with simple Nature live,
My lonely field-flowers on her altar lay—
Enjoy the blessings that she means to give,
And calmly pass my inoffensive day.

A pleasant lane from Plas Newydd takes us into the old churchyard, where the Right Hon. Lady Eleanor Butler and the Hon. Miss Ponsonby were laid to rest. Lady Eleanor died in 1829 at the age of ninety, and her *fidus Achates*, although so much younger, survived her only two years. The epitaphs, both written by Miss Ponsonby, are on the stone monument which was erected by the two friends to the memory of their faithful retainer, Carryl, who died in 1809, and whom they then resolved should share their tomb.

F. D.

THE MODERN DEMON.

We are in the age of interviews. A curious kind of madness that was wafted across the water, and has become universal in our little island, has developed, till notoriety of any kind is not safe, and the most retiring can scarcely escape. It is a quaint, modern demon, seized with an insatiable desire to know all that celebrated persons think and feel, to see them in their home-life, perhaps, like Mr. Clement Scott, to find the Devil himself by the shores of the sea—Devil No. 2, for Mr. Irving was our first—or a youthful explorer "at home" to the inquisitive in a hansom cab. There is much to commend about this demon; he enlivens our papers, flatters the vanity of his host or hostess, and amuses the readers of his after-work and impressions. He runs about longing for "ideas"—ideas on the stage, on literature, on art, but always the ideas of the person interviewed. He cannot realise that on occasion they have none. They may be loth to admit it, or unblushingly frank, but they don't possess such a thing about the house. Then the amiable demon invents one for them, and insists that they evidently felt this or were inclined to believe that, and everyone is satisfied.

But the demon, after doing good work, may turn to the reverse. He should confine himself to journalism, and leave the sort of literature that we call novels alone. Witness the writer who is said to have studied Dodo, and then painted the lady to the life on paper for the amusement of a certain (presumably) smart society set. Did Dodo know she was being interviewed? The demon in that case was clever, all the same, and did good work apart from the interviewing. But to America has appeared a still more terrible shape, the Demon himself, in the form of M. Paul Bourget, intending to interview the Americans on a gigantic scale, and call the work, when finished, a novel. We wonder how his victims feel with such an acute observer in their midst, preparing mental copy with every handshake, and keenly alive to the little weaknesses which Paris will laugh at hereafter. He has not spared the women of his own country: will he be more lenient to *la belle Américaine* over the water? It has been said that M. Bourget can never have come in close contact with a really nice-minded woman. But what about his own charming young wife, of whom it was whispered that she was so devoted to the great author as to threaten to commit suicide should any slip occur between the cup and the lip—that is, between her devotion and the marriage day? Of M. Bourget himself, his French friends declare him "interesting," and for the rest like his books—of which opinions vary.

To return to the demon: he triumphs, and will not be put down; but let us beg him to confine his antics to journalism, and leave the novelists and their novels in peace, for is he not, after all, another name for advertisement, and advertisement is liable to be the death of art? - C.

A MODERN MASQUERADE.

SCENE: A smoking-room in a London house.

TIME: After dinner.

Lady Hilda, Lady Betty, and, afterwards, Lord Jack.

(*The ladies enter together on tiptoe, wrapped in long cloaks, which completely cover them. They each wear a moustache, and have opera hats in their hands. The moment they are inside they shut the door, and both speak at once.*)

HILDA. Mrs. Fox is an angel!

BETTY. Clarkson is the greatest dear!

HILDA. What should we have done without them?

BETTY. Without you, oh, Clarkson! I should have been lost—or ridiculous—which is the same thing. I say, Hilda, drop your cloak.

HILDA. You drop yours first.

BETTY. No, both together. Here goes. Now!

(*They are disguised as men, with wigs, and wear evening dress.*)

HILDA (*drawing a long breath*). Well, I must say, Betty, you are the most splendid man I ever saw—a little short and stumpy.

BETTY. What?

HILDA. Yes, dear, just a little—for a man, you know. How do I look?

BETTY (*carelessly*). Oh, you're all right. Your thinness just suits the dress; of course, as a rule, it's a pity—for a woman.

HILDA. Where did you get yours made?

BETTY. Davis, in Bond Street. Don't you tell.

HILDA. I went to Jack's tailor. You know his establishment near Savile Row.

BETTY. No, I don't. I've not had an intimate acquaintance with tailors. But never mind. Now the question is where shall we go?

HILDA. Some theatre.

BETTY. No, the Empire.

HILDA. It's too——

BETTY. Too what?

HILDA. Well, I mean I might meet Jack there.

BETTY. Well, he couldn't recognise you.

HILDA. No, but he might be—with a lady.

BETTY. Oh, I see.

HILDA. Let's end up with a supper at the Savoy.

BETTY. Why?

HILDA. I love the Savoy.

BETTY. So does Bertie.

HILDA. Savarino solus?

BETTY. No.

HILDA. It's too bad of them, selfish things! It prevents us going to both of the nicest places.

BETTY. There are so few theatres open now.

HILDA. Well, dear, we agreed to wait till the end of the season, when people would be out of town. I say, Betty—you— Oh! you— (*Bursts out laughing.*)

BETTY. What is it?

HILDA. You do look so funny in that arm-chair with your legs crossed. Just the way Bertie always sits. Oh, oh! I shall die of laughter.

BETTY. Don't be a goose, Hilda. I'm sure I look very nice.

HILDA. You're so small.

BETTY. Well, nature has made a few small men. They're not all giants.

HILDA. Do your boots creak?

BETTY. No.

HILDA. Don't you love shutting up your hat?

BETTY. You'll break yours if you don't take care. (*She lights a cigarette.*)

HILDA. Oh, I say, Betty, don't be so lazy! It's a waste of time, and we want to be off. What do you smoke for? You'll have to throw it away directly.

BETTY (*sneering*). Shall I? (*A pause.*)

HILDA. Oh! yes. Men do smoke in the streets. Give me one at once.

BETTY. And in hansom cabs.

HILDA. Have I got to get into a hansom like this? What a mercy those overcoats are in the hall!

BETTY. I'm not going to be hidden in an overcoat; the splendour of this dazzling shirt-front shall astound the world. I say, Hilda, it was awfully nice of you to lend me this solitaire of your husband's. I don't know where Bertie keeps his.

HILDA. It's rather peculiar and rare. I hope it won't be recognised.

BETTY. Oh! dear, no. I suppose Jack couldn't come home?

HILDA. Betty! What an awful idea! He would never forgive me. If he did, I should run and change, and you would have to sneak out; and if you met him say you had come to see to the clocks.

BETTY (*with supreme contempt*). In evening dress and a diamond and pearl solitaire! Now, do settle where we shall go.

HILDA. "Morooco Bound."

BETTY. Done!

HILDA. Then Willis's Rooms. Jack doesn't go there.

BETTY. I should prefer a music-hall.

HILDA. So should I.

BETTY. Forbidden fruit, you know. Bertie never will take me there.

HILDA. Jack says the atmosphere and smoke would make me cough. Well, now, do let us be off, Betty.

BETTY (*lighting a fresh cigarette*). I'm ready, dear old fellow. What a ripping time we'll have! Eh, what?

HILDA. Come along! Don't make a noise. I should never get over it if any of the servants saw us. Let us peep out—the coast's clear. Look, which is your coat? It is a good thing they are thin. Betty, what's that?

(*The sound of a latchkey turning in the hall door is heard.*)

BETTY. Hilda—it's—it's your husband.

HILDA. Run—run into the smoking-room. Don't, whatever you do, give me away. Quickly.

(*She disappears upstairs.*)

BETTY. Hilda! Hilda! don't desert me. Oh! oh! (*Turns and runs.*)

BETTY (*sobbing*). I'm awfully sorry, Jack. It was all a joke. Hilda and I thought we would have a spree, and I thought you might think it wrong of Hilda, so I thought—oh, dear! oh, dear! you have hurt me!

JACK (*roaring with laughter*). Oh, you silly little woman. "I thought, you thought"—do go on. Why, you are the most comical sight I ever saw. But I didn't mean to hurt you. I say, Hilda! Hilda! come down here.

HILDA (*from the top of the stairs*). I can't come. I'm not dressed.

JACK. Yes, you can. I want to see you in them. Come along.

HILDA. Are you angry?

JACK. Not a bit; but just come and peep at Betty with her wig off.



"Oh, you silly little woman! Why, you are the most comical sight I ever saw."

(*Enter Jack, who sees her as she enters the smoking-room.*)

JACK. Look here, what's this? (*Enters smoking-room.*) I beg your pardon—haven't the honour of your acquaintance. (*Aside.*) Smoking my cigarettes, too. Doosed cheek!

BETTY (*bows*). I came to see Lady Hilda. I'm an old friend of hers—Ar—Archie Stonham.

JACK. The devil you are. I know him well. There's some mistake here.

BETTY. I mean I'm another Stonham, not the one you know, you know, a friend of Lady Betty—

JACK. Drop that, Sir. Who are you? What are you doing here?

BETTY. I came—oh, don't! What are you going to do? Murder! murder!

JACK. My solitaire! You're wearing my solitaire, you scoundrel! you thief! you—

BETTY. Jack, don't kill me! It's me—Betty, Jack, dear.

(*Her wig drops off in the scuffle, and her dark hair falls all over her shoulders.*)

And the next time you want a spree let me into the fun. Come on, do. Why, you look ripping. I say, isn't Betty funny?

HILDA (*in a low voice, to Betty*). Never let on that we intended going out. (*Aloud.*) Betty, you are too comical.

BETTY. You are both brutes, standing there laughing at me. I've had none of the fun and all the bruises, just for Hilda's sake. I'm going home.

HILDA. Bet, Bet! *You can't* like that. Come and change.

JACK. I'll take you home, little woman, and you must promise to forgive me. Hilda, I'm afraid I hurt her very much.

HILDA. I'm so sorry, darling, and I didn't mean to laugh.

BETTY. And we call this fun! Jack, you won't tell Bertie, will you?

JACK. Not if you promise to forgive me.

BETTY. Yes, I promise. Hilda, come along. I say—whisper—but won't you be sorry?

HILDA. Yes, they're very comfortable; but they say the divided skirt—

BETTY. Oh, rubbish!

C. S. C.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



"I told you this morning that, unless you paid me what you owe, you wouldn't find your key on your candlestick when you came in."

"But what am I to do, if you turn me into the streets? I have nowhere to go to. The letter I have been expecting has never come. I am quite without resources."

This was the sorrowful confession of a broken-down old man, as he stood twirling the shabbiest of hats at the door of the office of one of the cheap hotels in the Montmartre quarter of Paris.

"*Cela ne me regarde pas,*" said the mistress of the hotel. "No money, no key. I have borne with you too long already, and just because you are an old man and I did not want to be hard on you. But now you never give me a centime, and you owe me over a hundred francs, and, to speak plainly, I can't keep you here any longer."

"But at night," pleaded the old man. "You can't turn me out at night. Wait till the morning. Perhaps my letter will come then."

"No money, no key," said the mistress of the house.

"Well, then, good night," replied the old man, turning away, "and may you sleep well with this on your conscience."

The woman watched him out of the house, and then shrugging her shoulders re-entered the office.

"The letter in the morning. I know it. It never comes. He is an old humbug. Yet he looks as if he had been rich. Come down in the world, I suppose. So much the worse for him. There are the night refuges for such."

The woman was right in her surmises. There was no letter under way for Richard Sheldon. If the old man had any friends left, they thought him dead, or hoped that he might be. Even his creditors had ceased writing to him. At sixty-five he stood utterly alone in the world, dead to all but himself and his misery. The woman was right again: the old man had been rich, had owned much property, and had lost it—it matters little how.

It was snowing in the Rue des Martyrs when Richard Sheldon turned away from his miserable lodging, slunk out into the street, a homeless vagabond, and directed his steps towards the boulevard. The snow melted as it touched his face.

"I suppose I am burning with fever. Hunger, I daresay." Then he reviewed his past life, and laughed bitterly. It was close upon midnight and very cold.

As he walked along, pausing now and then to cast a wistful glance in at the windows of some brightly lighted café or restaurant, he speculated as to what chances he had of finding a night's lodgings. The night refuges, he knew, were always filled up by seven in the evening; to take shelter under one of the bridges would mean death on such a night, and he was too shabbily dressed to hope to be able to impose on any hotel-keeper to trust him for a room till the morning. No, his only hope was that he might meet some gambling-hell acquaintance in luck, who might give him a few francs. If the worst came to the worst, he could beg. Even if he got nothing, the police would take him up, and he would not have to pass the night in the snow. There was no false shame about the old man Sheldon. His life was a miserable one, but he clung to it.

But the luck was against him that night, and three o'clock in the morning found him shivering outside a club in the Rue Taitbout, where once upon a time he had frequently wooed the Queen of Spades. It was just possible that some gentleman on coming out might remember him, and take pity on his sad position. He was wet through, and looked lamentable. Still, the chance that he hoped for seemed a very unlikely one, for, to judge from appearances, the club must have been nearly empty. Only one brougham stood awaiting its master in the street.

"What a night! what a night!" cried Sheldon, shaking the snow off his hat, and stamping his feet in the slush to warm them.

"It is a night, indeed!" said the coachman from his box. He was warmly clad in furs.

"Ah, you're English," said Sheldon.

"Yes," said the coachman, "and you're American. If I'm not mistaken, you're Mr. Sheldon, whom I used to drive when I was at that livery-stable in the Rue Bassano. Don't you remember me, Sir—Jack Kirkby? You were always very pleased with me."

"Ah, yes—Kirkby, to be sure," said the old man, looking up. "You've got on in the world since I last saw you. In a private family? That's a stylish trap, and

what a fine horse! It won't do it much good, though, standing out so long in the cold."

"No; and it doesn't do me much good, either," said the coachman, glancing impatiently towards the club-house. "And you, Sir—have you got on in the world?"

Sheldon laughed. "It looks like it, don't it?"

The coachman looked him up and down, then gave a low whistle and shook his head. "Bad, bad," he said; "but I always thought it would come to that with your love for the cards."

"I say, Kirkby," said the old man, "I was always very generous to you. Lend me a dollar. It's for a night's lodgings."

The coachman shook his head. "I couldn't do it, Sir. I haven't it with me. Otherwise, it would be with pleasure. But wait and try the governor, if you're not above that. He's the kindest-hearted gentleman in Europe. Why, only last night he gave a poor woman who was standing just where you are a gold louis."

"Not a Frenchman, is he?" asked Sheldon.

"No fear. I can't exactly say what he is. Touch of the tar-brush in him, no doubt, but a royal gentleman for all that. And rich. You like this horse. It's the worst of ten in our stables; and the finest hotel in the Parc Monceau. He made his money on the Bourse. When the family's in town there are twenty of us who sit down to dinner in the servants' hall. But the missis and the children are at Pau, and master's alone."

"Ah, indeed!" muttered Sheldon. "I can remember times when I had ten times that number of servants. But, I say, Kirkby, what's his name?"

"Joseph Wilson. The missis calls him Joe."

At that moment the *chasseur* of the club appeared in the doorway.



The *chasseur* of the club was standing in the doorway.

"Mr. Wilson's carriage!" he cried.

"Now or never," muttered the coachman to Sheldon, touching his horse with his whip.

Sheldon ambled forward. He felt he would not have the courage to speak. It seemed to him that a begging request could not cross his lips. When he saw that the *chasseur* of the club was standing in the doorway, waiting to see the honoured member drive off, he knew that it could not. Mr. Wilson in the meanwhile had come out into the street, and was standing giving some directions to the coachman. He was a tall old gentleman, very handsomely dressed, with a magnificent fur-coat, patent-leather boots, and the glossiest of hats. It was certainly, to some extent, the get-up of the *rastaquouère*; indeed, a glance at the man's face sufficed to convince one that there was some *rastaquouère* blood in him.

"A very light mulatto," muttered Sheldon, as he slouched past. Then a thought struck him, and he laughed bitterly and spat upon the ground. After walking on a step or two he looked back, and saw that Joseph Wilson was looking after him.

Here Kirkby put in a word for him.

"A gentleman what's come down in the world, Sir," he said. "Used to drive him myself. He asked me for a dollar for a night's lodging."

"Do you know his name?" asked Mr. Wilson.

"Mr. Sheldon, Sir."

His master flushed. Then he laughed much as Sheldon had done, but with a different intonation. Then, after a moment's hesitation, he walked towards the out-cast, bidding the coachman follow with the carriage.

"Mr. Sheldon, I believe?" he said, when he had come up to the old man.

"Yes; or, rather, was. I don't know what to call myself to-night."

"You are in distress? My coachman has told me something about you."

"Yes, the luck's against me; I am in the streets."

"And wet through," said Mr. Wilson, feeling the old man's dripping coat, and eyeing him closely by the light of the lamp under which they were standing. "Look here," he added, after a pause, "I don't believe in giving away money, but if you are ready to work I could help you. I want a man about my place."

"Menial work?" cried Sheldon, stepping back.

"Oh, of a light description. It's the best I can offer you. You will be comfortably lodged next to Kirkby over the stables, and have your meals and so on, and wages according as we may agree. Come, take it or refuse it; I can't stand out here in the snow all night."

And Sheldon took it, with a curse against his benefactor at heart. But the prospect of the streets frightened him, and he was glad to take it.

"Well, then, jump up next to Kirkby; and, Kirkby, home."

Sheldon was awakened next morning, in his warm bed in a comfortable room, by Mr. Wilson's coachman, who carried a pair of soiled and muddy patent-leather boots in his hand.

"Here, old man," he cried, throwing the boots down on the ground; "this is to be your first job. You'll find the wool rag and the oil in the cupboard over there; and look sharp about it. When you've done, you're to take the boots up to Mr. Wilson himself. The valet will show you the way. Master wants to speak to you."

"Clean a d——d nigger's boots!" cried Sheldon, sitting up in bed; "I'll be hanged if I do."

"You'll starve if you don't," said the coachman, beginning to whistle. "And don't you go calling Mr. Wilson names, for I won't stand it."

Sheldon laughed. "Show me the rags and the oil," he said, when he was dressed. "I say, Kirkby," he added, "what about breakfast? I am literally famishing."

"Ah, you're not above eating a d——d nigger's grub, I see," said the coachman. "But finish those boots first. Master's orders. Wants to speak to you first."

When the boots were finished—and a sorry job Sheldon made of it—he was directed to carry them across the courtyard and to apply to one of the valets to be shown up to the master's room. The valet took him into the kitchen, and gave him a jug of hot water to take upstairs with the boots. Sheldon was laughing to himself all the way up the servants' staircase. It was a nasty laugh.

He found the master in bed, in a magnificent bed-room hung with yellow silk, and containing some valuable Louis XV. furniture.

"Is that you, Dick?" said Mr. Wilson, as he entered.

"It's I—Mr. Sheldon."

"Ah, to be sure. Well, will Mr. Sheldon tell me if he has cleaned my boots, and whether he has brought up the hot water?"

"Ye, he has. And if anybody had told me that Mr. Sheldon, once of the King's Plantation——"

"Virginia," interrupted Mr. Wilson. "Mr. Sheldon, of the King's Plantation, Virginia, would come to black boots and carry hot water for a dashed, dashed, dashed, dashed nigger, eh, Mr. Sheldon?"

Sheldon stared at the curtains from behind which the voice came, but made no answer.

"Now, look here, Mr. Sheldon," continued his master. "We must

come to an understanding. Do you take my service, or do you not? If you do, you must behave yourself as a servant, for, of course, I can't have you giving yourself airs here. I am very sorry for your position, and it is because I am sorry that I am willing to let you live here and make yourself useful. You won't have much to do, and you'll live like a fighting-cock. And I'll give you fifteen dollars a month wages—that is to say, seventy-five francs—and dress you up properly."

"I never was a servant in my life," said the old man. "It's hard to get into their ways at my time of life."

"It's the turn of the wheel, Richard Sheldon," said Joseph Wilson, drawing back the curtain of the bed and looking out at him.

The eyes of the two men met. They stared hard at each other.

"My man Joe, by all the powers!" cried Sheldon, flushing scarlet.

"Nay, my man Dick," said the mulatto. "Dick, I say, empty the slops in that basin, will you?"

"I'll be hanged if I will!" cried Sheldon, dashing the boots he

still held violently to the ground. "It's I am master here. You're my property, Joe, and all you have is mine."

"So it is," said Mr. Wilson, sitting up in bed. "By right, at least. You never freed me. It was I who ran away. I am your man Joe still, and here," he cried, thrusting his bared arm out of the bedclothes, and showing a deep white scar that ran from the wrist up to the elbow, "is a souvenir I took away with me. It's all you ever gave me, my man Dick. I recognised you at once by that laugh of yours. Often I had heard its musical notes in my sunny youth in the whipping calaboose. Yes; I knew you before my man Kirkby told me your name. But now, Dick, I can't have you wasting your time; you dashed, dashed, dashed whitey"—here he parodied somebody's voice—"see about emptying those slops, or I'll have to send you down to the—no, not the whipping-house, but into the streets and the snow."

Sheldon turned pale. Then he clenched his teeth and took a step forward towards the bed. But he halted forthwith, and, sinking upon a chair, covered his face with his hands and burst into tears. Joseph Wilson looked on in silence for a while.

"I have been very cruel," he said; "but I really could not help myself."

"You're a scoundrel!" cried Sheldon, starting to his feet. "A d——d runaway slave. You're my property, and have never ceased to be it. I have had you whipped scores of times, and would have had you whipped to death if I could have thought what was in that infernal curly head of yours. Yes, my man Joe."



"I am your man Joe still," he cried, thrusting his bared arm out of the bedclothes.

"My man Dick," interrupted Wilson.

"My man Joe!" cried Sheldon, white with passion. "You've never ceased to be that in fact, though perhaps by right. Man Joe, though I find you thus, rich, master of servants, you who were a common slave, my thing, my property, my bootjack, my anything, you who for thirty years were lower than my dog, though I find you thus," he screamed, "you can't undo the past. You can't unwhip yourself, you can't undo the fact that you were my slave, that you were my man Joe, that you were my property to do with what I chose, short of killing you, and even that at no great a peril. How do you like to think of that when from your splendid couch you look upon me, a poor old outcast, penniless, a beggar? How do you like to feel, as you do feel in your heart of hearts, that I am your master, in spite of your money, and your palace, and your servants, and your horses? Look at that scar on your wrist, Joe. It was I who gave it to you, and when I did so you merely winced and whined like the dog you were. Come," he cried, drawing himself up, "which of us is master, and which is man—I who have blacked your boots, or you who are lying there in state? Your dog, will you sit smiling there?"

He caught up a riding-whip that was lying on a couch at his side, and raised it in the air with a gesture of menace. At the same time a feeling of weakness came over him, and he reeled back, falling, exhausted with hunger and passion, into the nearest chair. Wilson, who at the sight of his menacing gesture, had risen in his bed, leaned out and touched a bell at the bedside.

"You are hungry and faint," he said. "My man Sam shall bring you some breakfast. As everything here belongs to you, inasmuch as it is the property of your slave Joe, you won't object to having some breakfast. But do not attempt violence, and put away that whip."

"Thirty-two years ago! Thirty-two years ago!" muttered Sheldon.

"Yes; it was different with you and with me then," said Wilson. "But there, Mr. Sheldon, let us say nothing more. I have done wrong, but I couldn't help myself. The temptation just to—just to—just to—"

"Humiliate me. Aye, and you have done so. Curse you!" cried Sheldon.

"No; it wasn't so much to humiliate you. I thought to teach you a lesson. But it was too cruel a one, and a man at your age doesn't take a lesson easily. I oughtn't to have done it. What! are you going?"

"Yes," said Sheldon, rising to his feet. "I am going off to drown myself. To have blacked one of my own nigger's boots, and to have had him lording it over me! No; I cannot swallow that."

"You just sit down at that table, Mr. Sheldon, and partake of that nigger's breakfast. It's a better one than you ever afforded me. And after that we will talk. You will find the river even a worse master than your former man Joe."

"You take advantage of my weakness—of my hunger—curse you for it!" said Sheldon, cramming the dainty morsels into his mouth, and drinking glass after glass of the richest claret that he had tasted for many months. "Here's a meal for a coon brought up on corncakes!" he added.

"I told you that the wheel had turned," said Wilson, who in the meanwhile had dressed. "And now, Mr. Sheldon," he added, "that you have finished your breakfast, and doubtless feel another man, I have only one more word for you." Then, crossing to a bureau that stood against the wall and unlocking a drawer, he took out a roll of notes. "When I left you I was, as you have reminded me, your property. My market value at that time, if I remember rightly, was twelve hundred dollars."

"I paid fifteen hundred for your carcass myself," said Sheldon, eyeing the notes.

"Well, then, fifteen hundred. So here, there are seven thousand five hundred francs. I buy my freedom from you, my moral freedom, and we are quits."

Sheldon clutched at the notes feverishly. There might be a fortune for him there at the gaming table. He was about to speak, when Wilson, drawing himself up, pointed to the door and cried, "And now, for the Lord's sake, begone! I beg you to begone without another word. I needn't say why, but begone!"

Sheldon went. Man Joe and Man Dick never met again.

"ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The Governor of New Zealand has given his assent to the Electoral Reform Bill, conferring the Parliamentary franchise upon women.

The town of Rutherglen, Victoria, has had a very curious history. Established in 1860, under the name of Barkly, as a gold mining town, it had a population of 25,000; but during the period of stagnation in mining attention was diverted to the land for cultivation purposes, with the result that at the present moment the district stands first in Victoria as a wine-producing country, and is also very high in the scale as a fruit producer. Mining has recently been revived.

What is a "saddle reef"? You will find it explained in a little book on the origin of the Bendigo "saddle reefs, and the cause of their golden wealth," from the pen of Mr. L. A. Samuels. A saddle reef appears somewhat in the shape of a saddle resting on a horse. Hence, the rock which underlies a saddle formation is called a horse; the top or apex of the reef, which frequently attains very large dimensions, is

called the saddle or cap, and the downward elongations of the saddle on each side are called the legs.

The deaconesses who work the Church of England Mission Home in Melbourne are a striking group of women. The head sister, to whom the others look up, received her training at Wantage, and went to Australia for a holiday over five years ago. When she arrived, her assistance and experience were asked in founding a sisterhood, the first of its kind in Australia. She consented, and has remained there since.

By-the-way, the Salvation Army seems to be going ahead in Victoria. At present it runs two homes for discharged prisoners, two rescue homes for fallen women, one home for young girls (preventive cases), one maternity home, one free night shelter for homeless men, one home for boys, one industrial farm colony of 620 acres for destitute men, a Samaritan Brigade for relieving destitute families, a missing friends' inquiry agency, free labour bureau and servants' registry. The number of men, women, and children sheltered and fed daily in these homes is 273. During the past twelve months no less than 1588 persons were sheltered, fed, and otherwise assisted.

The "New Australia" expedition to Paraguay has an analogy in the "Freeland" expedition to the Upper Tana, Central East Africa. The latter scheme is the practical outcome of the well-known political economist, Dr. Hertzka, of Vienna, who has already got some thousands of people in different countries to adopt his views.

The Freeland Executive Committee is to send out a search expedition with the object of establishing a station on the Upper Tana, which shall act as the base from which small "flying columns" may be sent into the mountainous region which commences at that point, in order to discover the shortest and best route to the Kenia Mountains, near which the future "Freeland" is to arise. On this preliminary expedition the Freelanders will send out fifty carefully selected members, who will be required to pay the cost of their own outfit and passage, amounting to about £50. The regular expenses of the equipment of the expedition will be defrayed by the committee.

The Transvaal is touchy. The Volksraad has just passed a new Press law, which, writes a Johannesburg correspondent, ostensibly to punish libel, "puts a quietus upon honest outspokenness and critical comment—other than favourable—upon any subject of burning importance, political or otherwise, that may arise in our midst. Nor are they content with this alone. The President, Mr. Paul Krüger, and his children of the Raad have occasionally been annoyed at cartoon representations of themselves. They have, therefore, included in the new Press law a special article dealing with cartoons, which provides that anyone issuing drawings or representations which damage anyone's character can be imprisoned for a year.

"Therefore, should a local Tenniel, Cleaver, or Proctor in embryo, by an inadvertent slip of the crowquill, draw a great man's ears just a shade too long, he can be immediately clapped into prison for having supposedly likened the great man unto an ass." In the same way, should a cartoonist depict our venerated President in the garb of a nurse, casting a little Bill, decked as a baby, out of the first Volksraad, represented as a wash-house, our venerated President might feel it incumbent upon him to accuse the artist with having likened him unto an old washerwoman, who had been guilty of infanticide upon the person of a child by the name of 'William.'"

The challenge respecting the alleged abuses in the Bahamas thrown down in the House of Commons by Admiral Field on the 8th inst. and the communications which have appeared in the Press have not produced a single remonstrance or denial from the Bahamians in England, including, we are informed, an ex-Attorney General of the colony, the present Sir Bruce Burnside, an ex-Circuit Justice, a present Circuit Justice, and the late Postmaster of the colony, who has lately come to England. It seems, therefore, very likely that the allegations are correct. If so, what a condition of things exist! A colony which has electoral institutions, but is without laws for the prevention of bribery; prisoners, possibly innocent, detained in jail for months awaiting trial, cases against relations tried by relations, no proper supervision in cases of fraudulent "wrecking," and an absence of laws for the prevention of fraud in the formation of public companies. The picture is not an agreeable one, and certainly praise instead of blame is due to the men who bring such abuses into the light of day.

We have been favoured by a correspondent with a statement, which, we are informed, is verified on oath, as to the relationship of the members of the Bahamas Legislature who voted on the recent resolution. It is interesting and unique. Taking the letters of the alphabet, it appears that A is the father of B and uncle of C and E and employer of G. B is the son of A. C is the nephew of A and related to M. D is the cousin of A. E is the nephew of A. F is the brother-in-law of K and related to L. G is clerk to A. H is the son of M. K is brother-in-law to F. L is related to F and K. M is the father of H, and N is related to C. This seems to point to the necessity for a revision of the electoral law.

The death is announced of Sir Alexander Tilloch Galt, the Canadian statesman. The son of the once familiar novelist, John Galt, he was born in 1817, and emigrated early to Canada, where he fulfilled various public offices during half a century.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



PIERROT! A. VOLLON.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



THE FRUIT GATHERERS.—DIAZ.
Exhibited at the Bernheim (jun.) Galleries, Piccadilly, W.

ART NOTES.

The art world is beginning to show signs of re-awakening at last. On Monday week the Continental Gallery opened its doors to the public, thus taking the honourable place of being the first among the many exhibitions that have been announced for the autumn. Before the winter brings its snows and its customary diversions, the Fine Art Society, the New Gallery, and many another collection will open to the public, and in November will begin the list of innumerable sales.

Any announcement in connection with the work of Rembrandt has an interest of its own, and we hail with some measure of pleasant expectation the news that Mr. William Heinemann is shortly to publish a translation, by Florence Simmonds, of Émile Michel's "Rembrandt: His Life, his Work, and his Time." The work, however, has been edited and prefaced by Mr. Frederick Wedmore, a fact which may or may not be pleasant to the admirers of Mr. Ruskin, according to their views of Mr. Wedmore. The book, besides containing photogravures and coloured plates, will be distinguished by a collection of 250 illustrations bearing upon the text.

The same publishers announce a periodical issue of Mr. Whistler's "Songs on Stone," a series of lithographic drawings, some of which, it will doubtless be remembered, appeared in that curious little paper, the *Whirlwind*, a production which was more like a very mild summer breeze than the storm which its name portended. Nevertheless, it was so far honoured by Mr. Whistler.

The method of London advertising has become at length a public disgrace to a city with any pretensions to external beauty. Those monstrous placards which of late have decorated every hoarding, representing some drunken or murderous scene, or the travesty of a trial in some sham court of law, have dragged the matter down to its lowest possibilities, and the National Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising—rather a cumbrous name: fancy F.N.S.C.A.P.A.!—which has just been formed, should be able to do good work in rendering the surroundings of Londoners a little more befitting the dignity of their city.

A writer in the *Athenaeum* suggests that the society should prosecute inquiries in Paris as to the method of procedure whereby a notorious advertisement in the Cité of the existence of a cheap journal has been suppressed, and learn a lesson therefrom. But the fact is that Paris may reasonably be regarded as exceptionally favoured in the matter of artistic advertisement, and an enormous eyesore such as this particular announcement would naturally be regarded with general disgust on the part of the inhabitants accustomed to a neighbourhood so different. In London, unhappily, attention is not likely to be called to any such exception, since, unfortunately, what in Paris is an exception is in London the rule. The society must go to work, if it would succeed, by drastic measures.

In a note of quite exceptional journalistic wit the *Architect* notes that the neglect of Turner's drawings by the trustees of the National Gallery was the primary cause of the conversion of Mr. Ruskin to

pessimism. In that paper's own words, "After seeing the treasures mouldering in the cellars of Trafalgar Square, the mystery of life, to his mind, became exceedingly dismal." It is now a fact, however, as Sir William Harcourt informed the House of Commons the other day, that over 600 drawings by Turner, both in pencil and in water colour, are on daily view at the National Gallery. It appears that in 1891 the whole of the collection of Turner's drawings not then on exhibition was examined with the utmost care, and from that collection everything suitable for exhibition was selected. Out of these a loan collection was formed, which now reposes in the Sheffield Ruskin Museum. Thus may the soul of Mr. Ruskin be pacified, and we may leave him in the hope that this announcement will destroy the roots of his pessimism.

We made some brief mention last week of the large show of pictures by Edwin Ellis at present on view in his native town of Nottingham. Edwin Ellis, as a painter, has for many years been appreciated to the top of his merits as a bold interpreter of coast effects. It is this boldness which, united to the effects of a French influence to which he readily subjected himself, marks him out as a singularly characteristic and personal painter. For ourselves, we have other opinions as to his mastery of detail and the delicacy of his vision, but it would be impossible to deny to this artist



A BEAUTY OF ANCIENT ROME.—HORACE VAN RUITEL.
Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

a kind of rash mastery, which singles him out among many of more graceful but less dominating powers.

Among galleries that in this awakening season are well worth a visit must be reckoned that of Mr. Van Wisselingh, in Brook Street. There one may refresh one's self with an altogether—yet, is it altogether?—delightful Corot. The delicacy of its colour is undoubted, and though it lacks some of that superb mystery of Corot's which sometimes seems identical with the objective mystery of all things seen, the effect of the composition is undeniably impressive. Mr. Peppercorn is, as Mrs. Meynell might say, here modestly apparent, and though, as in all this painter's work, one is ever set wondering how much is the effect of noble influence and how far the effect of original genius, there is no denying the beauty of the result. A peculiarly fine and overwhelmingly grave winter scene by Courbet must also be mentioned in this collection.

We confess, however, that the use of a rood-screen seems no longer to be as meaning as it once was. Of course, in mediæval times, when so cumbrous a ceremonial clustered round the common ecclesiastical services, and when the reverence which they were paid amounted to a veritable superstition, it was held fitting that the most secret portions of a solemn oblation should be hidden altogether from the eyes of the profane, and, therefore, with that instinctive love of art which distinguished them, the men of that past day saw to it that the very process of secrecy should be symbolised by a certain beauty of its own.

Hence it can easily be understood that the rood-screen was a point of importance for its own particular sake, as well as for the beauty with which it was surrounded. But we confess that only a very singular achievement in beauty could altogether reconcile us to the sentiment



ATTENTIVE LISTENERS.—HORACE VAN RUIT.
EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The Continental Gallery, of which we have already spoken, contains many pictures which are familiar to frequenters of the great representative shows in Paris and London, at the Salon of the one and at the Academy of the other. It is by no means an unpleasing effect, this mingling of English and French schools, and affords a notable opportunity to those who desire to mark the points of contrast between methods usually so different. A Henry Moore, for example, set side by side with a Mesdag, or more or less side by side, makes an odd and strange subject for meditation—the one is so deeply coloured, so strikingly bold and masterful, the other so subdued and comforting.

The new ironwork rood-screen which has recently been erected in the Church of All Saints, Cheltenham, is an interesting example of a certain stiff and perpendicular form of art. Unlike the old stone rood-screens, cunningly carved and woven in many a wonderful expanse of tracery, there is here no mystery, nothing hidden, nothing drawn into interior depths. Nevertheless, it has a certain fine and straight simplicity about it, broad as it is at the bottom, and narrowing with increase of detail as it nears the top. Surmounting the iron tracery are the customary figures which a couple of centuries ago received so rude a treatment at the hands of the zealous.

which demands the modern erection of the rood-screen. We certainly no longer have use for it, and, therefore, unless as an ornament it is quite exceptionally appropriate—an event which is not often to be recorded nowadays—we are inclined to frown upon its erection.

A famous picture by a well-known artist, all of whose work is "precious" in two senses, has been injured accidentally, and, it is feared, irretrievably. A fluid was, it appears, poured upon the canvas as a preparation for reproduction. It is distinctly a risk on the part of artists to lend their pictures except to those whose long experience in photography is a guarantee of the care with which they will be treated. Only the other day I saw a letter from the President of the Royal Academy expressing righteous indignation at the treatment some of his original studies had received.

In the coming month the Leeds folk will have an opportunity of seeing the excellence of etching, ancient and modern. The Fine Art Gallery will also contain examples of black-and-white illustrations for the magazines. Nowadays the originals of these are not so interesting as they might be: perhaps it would be worth while to place the final printed page side by side with the drawing.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



PAPA : " Come to my arms, you bundle of charms."

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



WASPS!



THE NAKED TRUTH.

HE: "It's a strange thing you can't manage to dress on the allowance I make you, Maud."

MAUD: "Well, dear, if I had to dress on what you allow me, I should have to remain in my bath all day!"



"It some'ow makes yer feel
 As yer really 'ave to deal
 Wiv a gentleman by birth and education!"

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I am glad to learn that Mr. Frederick Wedmore is about to republish his brilliant early work, "Pastorals of France." Few writers of so much culture and individuality as Mr. Wedmore have been so little recognised. Yet the compliment of an appreciative reviewer long ago is certainly true, that his books are of the kind that might be common if we had an Academy.

Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson) is writing a memoir of her sister poetess, Mrs. Frances Wynne, whose early death was chronicled a few weeks ago. It will be prefixed to an edition of Mrs. Wynne's poems.

Mrs. Stephen Batson, who achieved some success with her story, "Dark," has completed another novel, which will be published by Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co. Mrs. Batson has been spending the summer at Chagford, in Devonshire.

Mr. James Payn is always readable. Perhaps the reason is that he knows his limitations. He never tacks on wings to his shoulders, but walks at a jog-trot pace on even ground. His new volume, "A Trying Patient" (Chatto), is less good, perhaps, than usual; but with all his flow of invention he has evidently not yet come to the bottom of the vessel. In these tales, whatever they be, romances, ghost stories, school-boy stories, the sentiment is always sound, the tone generally cheery. A personal experience, or what might have been a personal experience, "A Novelist's Dilemma," is the best of all.

Professor Flint, of the University of Edinburgh, whose early work on the "Philosophy of History in Europe" was so warmly praised by Mr. John Morley, is about to publish a book on Socialism. I understand that it is written in a popular style, and, indeed, some part of it was delivered from the pulpit.

The new book by Dr. Conan Doyle, published by Arrowsmith, is, after all, not altogether a new book, one finds on looking into it. The first story, "The Great Shadow," I have seen before; but the illustrations are new. It is one of Dr. Doyle's most successful attempts in historical romance. The other, "Beyond the City," is not, perhaps, a good—at least, it is not at all a probable story; but it is amusing, and if dwellers in suburban villas were often as entertaining as the admiral and the strong-minded athletic lady the reproach of villadom would be taken away for ever.

The second volume of Mr. Wheatley's excellent edition of Pepys is out. The edition is to be in eight volumes, and they will be necessary to every self-respecting library. About a fifth of the diary was omitted by the former editor, the Rev. Mynors Bright, and omitted, one sees now, for no very good reason.

I understand that Messrs. Ward and Lock are shortly going to publish a new edition of the novels of the late Henry Kingsley. Three or four of these novels are still enormously popular in Australia, because they deal, as very few other books have done, with picturesque phases of Australian life, but they are exceedingly little read in this country. Older *littérateurs*, indeed, think very kindly of them, and Mr. James Payn and some of his brethren are known to have gone into ecstasies over "Ravenshoe" and "Geoffrey Hamlyn." And, indeed, there are younger men of letters who have a good word to say for Henry Kingsley, notably Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Augustine Birrell, both of whom, it is said, prefer Henry to his elder brother Charles, and look upon "Ravenshoe" as a finer book than "Westward Ho!" Be that as it may, a new edition will help to bring Henry Kingsley to the front again, and one may hope that the multitude of his readers in the near future will not be confined to the Antipodes.

I am told that Mr. George Meredith was paid an enormous sum for the story which is to be published in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, a sum quite unusual even in these days of high prices for literary work. In Mr. Meredith's case recognition has come so tardily that his admirers will scarcely feel that any price is too large to pay for his work. Perhaps, it would alone justify the existence of the American millionaire in England—the coach drives of Mr. Matthew Arnold with Mr. Andrew Carnegie and the purchase of the novels of Mr. George Meredith by Mr. Waldorf Astor.

Mr. Kipling has just sent over from America a new story, entitled "The Bridge-Builders," which will be published in the Christmas Number of the *Illustrated London News*. The story, which is in Mr. Kipling's best manner, is full of that weird strength which one associates with his pictures of Indian life.

Apropos of the production of "The Tempter" at the Haymarket the other night, Mr. Tree, in coming before the curtain, committed what is sometimes called a "howler" in introducing the phrase "storm and stress" with special reference to Goethe. Goethe never wrote anything bearing that name, and is not specially associated with the famous "Sturm und Drang" movement in Germany. He came somewhat at the end of it with his "Goetz von Berlichingen," as Schiller did with his "Robbers." No doubt, Mr. Tree got mixed, on account of George Henry Lewes, in his "Life of Goethe," having given the title of "Storm and Stress" to his first chapter.

O. O.

ALL ABROAD.

The cholera still holds its own in many parts of Europe. Complaint is made of the inactivity of officialdom in Hamburg to check the epidemic, and this has a corresponding effect in making the people careless. The supply of filtered water had become contaminated by a leakage from the Elbe, and yet, after this was known, people were being served in the largest café in the city with glasses of water which had been condemned as contaminated.

Interesting experiments have been made at Vienna University by the professor of pathology and his students. Some of them swallowed a number of comma bacilli which had been produced by culture, and, although there were cases of illness as a result, there was not a single case of cholera.

The Emperor William would evidently let bygones be bygones with Prince Bismarck, for he has offered him a residence in one of the Imperial castles. The state of the veteran's health, however, has forced him to decline.

The French and Belgian miners, however much they may differ from their English brethren on some points, are at one with them in the methods of the strike. The miners at Sens have agreed to accept arbitration.

The Dutch Parliament was opened last week by the Queen-Regent in person. The Speech from the Throne announced that external relations were peaceful, and the internal condition of the country generally satisfactory. Special attention was called to the Electoral Reform Bill. New banners were presented to the army by the girl Queen on Thursday, most of the old ones having been captured from the French at Waterloo.

Rome went into decorations on Wednesday, the occasion being the twenty-third anniversary of the entry into the city of the Italian troops under General Cadorna. The tomb of Victor Emmanuel in the Pantheon was buried in wreaths, and the Mayor afterwards made a patriotic speech beside the historic breach at the Porta Pia.

Sicily is really the only sulphur-producing country in the world. Last year two and a-half million tons of ore were extracted, while sixty years ago the export did not amount to a ninth part of this large figure.

The American papers are very funny over the addition to the Cleveland household. In a leader, entitled "The New Baby," the *Chicago Tribune* solemnly says: "In the presence of this somewhat unusual White House episode, this one touch of nature that makes us kin, repealers and anti-repealers, 58-cent dollar men and 100-cent dollar men, silver grubs and gold bugs, will join in hearty congratulations, serenely confident that it will not be vetoed, and enthusiastic in the conviction that the President believes that 'public office' is a private as well as 'public trust,' and that he has no intention of falling into 'innocuous desuetude' so far as his duties toward the census are concerned." Young royal princes with us are rarely the instigators of such eloquence.

The ugliest incident in the present Brazilian revolution as yet has been the action of Admiral de Mello, who is leading the rebel navy. He had a lieutenant murdered in a very cruel way, first shooting off both his arms while he was steering a boat, and then taking him on board ship only to shoot him through the head. Two warships that have been at Toulon have joined the rebels. The President, suspecting the loyalty of the men attached to both vessels, recently re-manned them with loyalists—as he imagined.

Admiral de Mello was a trusted friend of Dom Pedro, and is credited with the intention of wishing to restore the monarchy. The Brazilian army numbers only 15,930, while the navy has an enormously larger number of men. Admiral de Mello is an able officer, and with such an overwhelming number of men at his disposal seems formidable.

The rebellion in Argentina drags on. At Tucuman the national troops have fraternised with the rebels, and have imprisoned the Governor. Thirty prominent Radicals have been arrested, but Dr. Alem, the head of the party, cannot be found. A most rigorous censorship is exercised on the Press.

Honduras has elected General Vasquez as President, in succession to Señor Leiva, who recently resigned.

The Germans are to establish an "undenominational national" school in that part of East Africa which they have appropriated. The Indian and Arabian settlers have petitioned for such an institution, but, as the majority of them are Mohammedans, religious instruction would have to be omitted.

NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

It is so difficult to get away from figures. Its devotees linger lovingly over the averages weeks after the game has ceased to be, and under their tongue they roll the sweet morsels which tell them that Gunn has beaten Stoddart for first place in the batting averages by the fraction of a run. The statistic fiend sets to work, and the high jinks he plays almost prove that figures will do anything except tell the truth, and that facts are as elastic almost as fancies.

And so it is we have echoes and adumbrations of the cricket season long after the bowling of the last ball. To the enthusiast it is, no doubt, pleasant to fight the old battles over again, to see in the mind's eye W. G. making this or that late cut or drive; to picture McGregor stumping the great Gunn, or to watch the flight of one of Richardson's fast yorkers. It is, for instance, extremely interesting to reflect that six batsmen have this year carried their bat right through the innings in first-class cricket. The honour has fallen twice to Albert Ward, W. G.,

previous record. I append particulars regarding this joint performance on the part of Australian and English batsmen—

Match.	Runs scored.	Wkts. down.
Lord's, Australians v. M.C.C. ...	1167	38
Manchester, Lancashire v. Sussex ...	1028	30
Lord's, Middlesex v. Notts ...	1205	40
Brighton, Sussex v. Notts ...	1159	26
Manchester, Australians v. North ...	1062	37
Oval, Sussex v. Surrey ...	1001	40
Portsmouth, Australians v. Oxford and Cambridge ...	1116	21
Taunton, Somerset v. Middlesex ...	1122	35
Brighton, Sussex v. Kent ...	1057	34
Scarborough, Australians v. Thornton's Eleven ...	1053	33

It is interesting to note, in conjunction with these figures, that only three of the contests were brought to a conclusion.

The hard and dry nature of the wickets during the past season has naturally encouraged many brilliant individual performances, and no less



HALL'S NORTH OF ENGLAND ELEVEN IN KILTS.

Photo by Macmahon, Inverness.

of course, has accomplished the feat once, Stoddart once, L. C. H. Palairer once, and Bannerman once. Not only did Stoddart carry out his bat, but in doing so he made 195, the highest score in first-class cricket this season. Bannerman almost created a record by carrying his bat through the innings v. Kent for seven runs. Is this something to be proud of or to be ashamed of?

This season has been most prolific in run-getting. Long partnerships were so common that no fewer than on ninety-six occasions did two batsmen add 100 runs or over before being separated. The longest partnership during the season was made by Gunn and Shrewsbury, for Notts against Sussex, at Brighton, when this pair scored 274. The next best partnership was between C. E. De Trafford and E. Smith, when they scored 251 in the North v. South match at Hastings the other week. The longest partnership for a first wicket was made by T. C. O'Brien and A. E. Stoddart, when they knocked up 228 for Middlesex against Surrey.

During the past season no fewer than ten matches have resulted in the scoring of 1000 runs each. In the previous year there was only one match that ran into four figures, and the present number beats any

than seventy-two batsmen have been fortunate enough to reach the coveted three figures. Gunn not only takes the premier place at the head of the batting averages, but also claims the largest number of century scores. Ten batsmen have scored ten centuries each, including Graham, Giffen, Bannerman, Trott, Hewitt, Wilson, Sellers, Flowers, Bean, and A. Ward. Talking about century scores, the following table will be read with much interest, and it will be seen that the record for 1887 was, with the exception of the present season, far and away the best.

1878 — 14	1883 — 27	1888 — 28
1879 — 10	1884 — 53	1889 — 32
1880 — 22	1885 — 44	1890 — 38
1881 — 26	1886 — 55	1891 — 38
1882 — 39	1887 — 69	1892 — 42

Cricketers in kilts! It is a strange garb for batsmen to adopt, but when Hall's North of England eleven invaded the north of Scotland they could not resist the temptation to don the dress of the country. In the far north, the visit of the eleven is the cricketing event of the year. The names of the team are Hall, Ward, Sugg, Chatterton, R. W. Frank, Briggs, Pougher, Storer, H. Hill, Mold, and Watson.

FOOTBALL.

A short time ago there was a tremendous flutter over the payment of players, and the little rift within the lute in Yorkshire over this question had widened to such an extent that it was thought the fissure between Yorkshire and the Rugby Union would result in a separation. The hosts of the north came up with full power to vote for the proposal to give players compensation for loss of time. J. A. Millar, the Yorkshire president, put the case for the paid player with considerable skill, but, evidently, he failed to carry the waverers, for when Rowland Hill, the Rev. F. Marshall, and others opposed the proposition they seemed to carry the meeting with them, with the result that Mr. Millar's motion was defeated by 282 to 136, or a two-to-one majority.

Of course, it might be too much to suppose that the professional question has been finally disposed of. It was, no doubt, scotched to such an extent that we may not have a similar proposal brought forward for some time; but it is absolutely certain that sooner or later Yorkshiremen will force the question to the front until they get what they want, or break altogether with the Union. It has long been an open secret that players in Yorkshire are almost universally paid in one form or other, and the game, instead of being played for its own sake, has resolved itself into an exhibition for spectacular purposes. One result of Mr. Millar's motion has been to show that amateurism in Rugby football is stronger than even its own friends had any idea of.

Meanwhile, in the Association game the big League clubs are beginning to find out that professionalism is a difficult thing to manage. It has, no doubt, improved the game to a certain extent, but the exorbitant wages which clubs have offered to crack players have brought the majority of League clubs, if not to bankruptcy, then to an insolvent condition. Only four out of the sixteen first League clubs have a balance on the right side. Three of the others have liabilities amounting to £1000 each or over. A really good player is paid from £3 to £5 a week during the eight months of the football season, and while he is off duty during the summer months his pay is not stopped, but only reduced from thirty to fifty per cent.

CYCLING.

It appears that Frank Shorland's twenty-four hours path record has been beaten by a Swiss. On the Buffalo track at Paris, a Swiss, named Lesna, covered 432 miles 1450 yards, thereby not only creating a record for the time, but beating all records from 350 miles upwards. The distance

covered is some seven miles greater than Shorland accomplished at Herne Hill. It is gratifying to note that Lesna rode a bicycle of English manufacture, made by the New Howe Company.

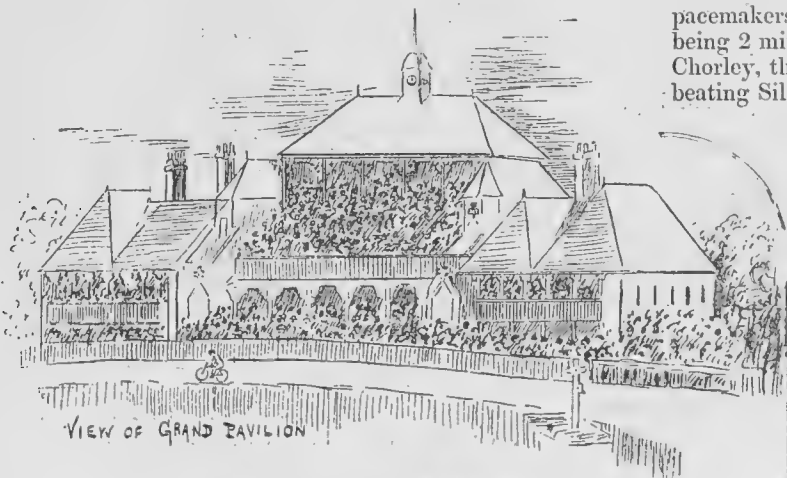
An account of a wonderful ride reaches us from South Africa. Douglas J. Dollar, of Krügersdorp, who left that town on July 8 for Mashonaland on a "Swift" safety, arrived at Victoria on July 26. He rode from Pretoria to Pietersburg, thence to Tuli, where, on being assured the road was unsafe to travel along alone, he took the coach to Matabis, a distance of eighty-five miles. At Matabis he took the road again for the Lundi, whence he rode in five hours right through to Victoria, a distance of fifty miles. Mr. Dollar says the natives whom he met on the road were very much frightened at seeing the strange object for the first time. Considering that the roads are only wagon tracks across the plain, it says a good deal for the "Swift" safety which carried Mr. Dollar safely through his arduous journey.

How the cycling records go! A Paris exchange announces that M. Echalie, on a "Marlboro" tricycle, created a world's record by covering 22 miles 848 yards in an hour.

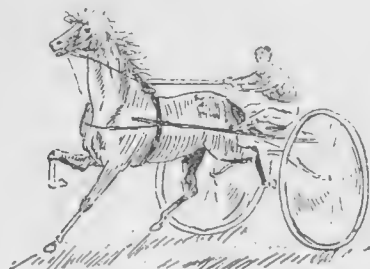
OLYMPIAN.

LEEDS CHARITY SPORTS.

A most successful athletic and sporting carnival, under the auspices of the Leeds Athletic Club, was held at the Headingley Grounds, Leeds, on the 16th inst., in aid of the sufferers by the Thornhill Colliery disaster, in the presence of nearly 20,000 spectators. The principal events were: 120 Yards Flat Race Handicap—Final heat: F. Bailey, Brighouse, 4½ yards start, first. One Lap Bicycle Race (Scratch)—Final heat: A. W. Harris, London County, first. Half-Mile Flat Handicap—S. W. Ashworth, Manchester A.C., 18 yards start, first in final heat. Half-Mile Bicycle Race (Scratch)—Final heat: W. L. Lambley, L.C.A.C., 440 Yards Flat Handicap—Final heat: S. Elliott, Salford Harriers, 13 yards start, first. One Mile Handicap Flat Race—C. Pearce, Birchfield Harriers, 10 yards start, first. Pole Jump—R. D. Dickinson, Windermere F.C., 10 ft. 9 in., first. Half-Mile Bicycle Handicap—E. Scott, Rotherham, 15 yards start, first. One Mile Walking Match—Raby v. Wells. A closely-contested race took place, Wells passing the post first, but was disqualified for lifting, the race being awarded to Raby. One Mile Bicycle Handicap—Final heat: A. W. Harris, first. 1000 Yards Handicap—G. Martin, first. One Mile Ground Record—G. E. Osmond and R. G. Merry went for this record on a Whitworth tandem. They covered the distance, without pacemakers, in 2 min. 14 4-5 sec., the previous record for the track being 2 min. 22 sec. Bicycle v. Horse—In this half-mile contest Master Chorley, the cyclist, at once went to the front, and was never caught, beating Silver Bell eventually by a dozen yards.



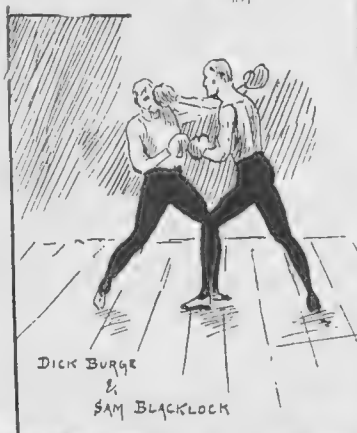
VIEW OF GRAND PAVILION



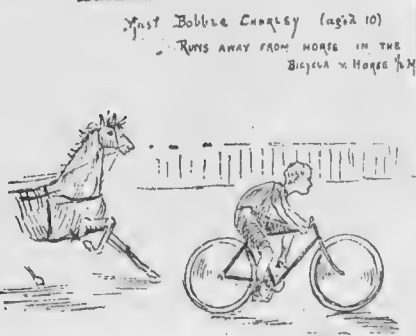
Geo. Neenan's "Silver Bell"



A. W. HARRIS WINS
1 LAP SCRATCH &
1 MILE HANDICAP



DICK BURGE
&
SAM BLACKLOCK



Just Bobbie Chorley (aged 10)
Runs away from horse in the
Bicycle v. Horse race.



G. MARTIN WINS
1000 YDS HANDICAP



R. G. MERRY
&
G. E. OSMOND
20 A MILE IN 2 min 14 4-5 sec. Track Record

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

An utter calm has settled down upon the political world—a calm that possibly may not be broken till next year. Not even the action of the House of Lords in promptly slaying the Home Rule Bill has sufficed to cause even a ripple of excitement. Only, in a somewhat perfunctory manner, the National Liberal Federation has proclaimed a sort of conditional crusade against the so-called Upper House, to take effect at some future indefinite time. It is possible—nay, probable—that the peers will kindly wait to be mended or ended until their assailants are quite ready, and equipped with all needful accoutrements down to the last button on the last gaiter; but, meanwhile, hypothetical threats and prophetic denunciations have a slight savour of the ridiculous. "Tremble, tyrants—week after next!" is hardly an awe-inspiring cry; and we all know what happened to Mr. Snodgrass when, in a loud voice, he announced that he was "going to begin." However, the peers are to shiver in their shoes, and, perhaps, when the weather is a little cooler some of them will oblige. Meanwhile, the eye of the N.L.F. is on them, and if they continue in their evil ways "we of the Liberal party will enter on a fight of which we shall not be afraid." In which last sentiment the Lords, possibly, may cordially agree with "us of the Liberal party."

Speaking of Parliament, I have made a discovery of considerable constitutional importance. I believe that I have traced back the recent "flamboyant" style of descriptive Parliamentary reporting to its first exemplar. Lately I was nourishing my literary taste on the fascinating periods of one of our modern masters of description—whether in white *Star* or red *Sun* or *Daily Clerkenwell*—I mean *Chronicle*—I cannot now remember—when it seemed to me that the style and general character of these effusions was not unfamiliar. I had seen something like them before, though rudimentary, undeveloped, immature in comparison. But where and what this "protoplasmic ancestor" of the "personal Parliamentary paragraph" of to-day might be I could not imagine till I chanced to look through once more a work called "The Willoughby Captains" (published a number of years ago), by one of those few writers of school stories who have known how to depict a real schoolboy. In this book (with which many readers of *The Sketch* are doubtless acquainted) one of the minor characters is a certain Boshier, who, in other respects an entirely ordinary small boy, achieves distinction by keeping a diary.

In the precious fragments of Boshier's Diary, doled out by the too parsimonious author, or rather chronicler, of his being, we may find almost all the amiable characteristics of the New Journalist. Boshier is (though involuntarily) the sole Radical in a school of hidebound Whigs, affecting to call themselves Liberals. Thus, all his schoolfellows belong to the party with which he is at war, and hence he naturally describes them, in the true spirit of personal journalism, as "evil," "gross," "ugly in the face." The last epithet is the keynote of all the descriptive harmonies of the new reporting. It is a fact obvious to the meanest intelligence that is nourished on modern halfpenny journalese that the majority of the present Parliament is composed of the most beautiful and athletic, the best dressed, groomed, and mannered specimens of manhood to be found within the limits of the United (of Hearts) Kingdom of Ireland and Great Britain. The members of the minority, on the other hand, are distinguished for a more than bestial ugliness and brutality—"manners they has none, and their customs is disgusting"; their eyes glare stonily, their voices are raucous with fiendish hate, their laughter is that of lost souls.

Now, keeping the New Journalist in our minds, let us turn to the immortal Boshier. "Boshier," says the author, "was a little shaky occasionally in his punctuation." How this comes home to us! Boshier, as we discover from his own graphic periods, was also a little shaky, and even more than a little, in grammar and in spelling. Had he found occasion to draw up a programme, he would doubtless have called it a "program." His stock of "meditations" is limited, consisting chiefly of the observation that "The world is big; I am small in the world." These sentiments show that Boshier had not yet shaken off that taint of false modesty which hampers the Progressive course. In his later development he would replace such reactionary aphorisms by similar reiteration of the two clauses of the modern creed: "The Old Man is very Grand. The Grand Man is very Old."

But it is when Boshier turns to politics that we see the boy as father of the man—of the T. P. O'Boshier of the future. Listen to his account of the "election fever" at his school: "Thursday, the 4th day of the

week. Rose at 6.13. N.B.—The world is big; I am small in the world. I sawest Riddell, who is now in Welch's, playing cricket with the little boys. Pilbury sported, too, ugly in the face. I attend an election at 10.2 in the Big. Parson taketh the chair. Parson is a f—l and two between." (What delicacy of innuendo!) "It was a gross meeting, Pringle being much stuck up. Meditations while Pringle is making a speech. The grass is very green. I am the Radical. I desire to smash everything—the little Welchers make noises." Here, again, Boshier's political education is incomplete. As a journalist, he would have written, "A jubilant, exultant cheer, strangely sublime in its victorious gladness, burst from the lips of Young Wales."

But, speaking seriously, by what strange law of nature is it that all the beautiful, the strong, and the noble are on one side in Parliament, and all the ugly, the deformed, and the base on the other? Home Rule members are not ostensibly selected for their charms, nor Unionists for their defects. How, then, are we to explain the facts as recorded by the veracious descriptive reporter? I remember once as hard a case being put to me. It was stated as follows: "John said to Mary, 'Your father was my father, and your mother was my mother, but I am not your brother.' What was John?"

I really forget the answer.

MARMITON.

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

When Hilda Wangel planned a castle in the air to be erected by her and her Master-Builder, no one, not even the most enthusiastic Ibsenite, imagined her to be speaking otherwise than symbolically. And yet a civil engineer, M. Tobiansky, promises to make it a reality at the International Exhibition in Antwerp next year. His castle in the air is to be constructed of steel tubes, aluminium, bamboo, and other light but strong materials. It will be covered partly with China silk and partly with steel netting, so as to give the impression of a building, and, at the same time, to allow the wind to go freely through the structure, and thus offer less resistance. The floor of the castle will be made of bamboo and steel tubes; it will measure 33 yards in length by about 8 yards in width. This castle in the air is carried by a combined balloon, composed of two hemispherical balloons and of four cylindrical ones, each of which consists of a complete and independent balloon. These six parts, of a capacity of about twelve to fifteen thousand cubic metres each, are made of double China silk, made gas-proof by a special process. Those six balloons are held together by being put in a strong silk netting, assuming the shape of a bag; this gives a better outward appearance and is used to fasten at the bottom of the netting a strong steel tube, to which is fastened the castle. The balloon and the castle are fastened to the ground by five ropes, each of which has a strength of resistance of 25 tons. To counteract the strength of the wind, the balloon is covered at the top with a second silk net, to which sixteen steel cables (carrying strength 15 tons each) are fastened in a diagonal direction, thus holding the structure in the same position. The balloon will be shaped so as to offer a pointed end towards the wind prevailing in Antwerp, north-west, and will be able to stand a pressure of 2 cwt. and over. The turning point, or part where the castle is fastened to the balloon, is also anchored to the ground with steel cables, thus insuring the stability of the castle, even should the balloon be rocked by a strong wind. There will be two lifts, made out of bamboo, aluminium and steel tubing, which will glide along the vertical cables already mentioned. They will be connected by a steel cable, and arranged so as to form a counterweight to each other. By means of those lifts, ten to fifteen people will be able to ascend or descend every six minutes. The castle could be lowered to the ground by the combined action of nineteen steam cranes in twenty to thirty minutes; it is, however, arranged that it shall float in the air even during the strongest winds. The loss of gas will be made good by a gasmaking apparatus transmitting the gas from the ground through a silk tube, which will be hoisted up when required. Since four of the small balloons are quite sufficient to carry the structure and 100 to 150 people, it would be an easy matter to replace or repair one of the balloons should it be necessary. Not only will the castle be a great attraction in the Antwerp Exhibition, it will also be useful for scientific purposes—weather observations, astronomical studies, studies on the speed of falling of different substances, optic telegraphy by day and night, and many others. At night 5000 Edison electric lamps will light it up, and since the ropes and cables will not be seen, it will form a curious sight. Powerful electric search-lights, which can be fastened at any desired height, will afford an opportunity of making experiments of central lighting stations. A sort of imitation of moonlight will also be tried. The inventor of the castle has been working out his scheme for the last four years, and had more than once to fight against ignorance, doubt, or indifference. A committee was chosen by the central Committee of the Antwerp Exhibition, and composed of officers of the aeronautical department in the army, aeronauts, engineers, and men of science; it reported on the scheme, and found it workable and based on sound principles. The inventor was then able to find a few men of position and wealth, with whom he started a limited company to work out the patent with a large capital.



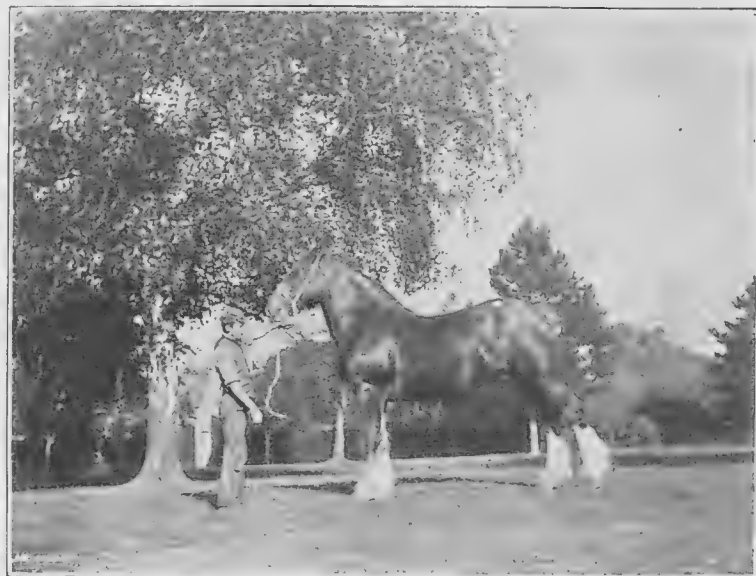
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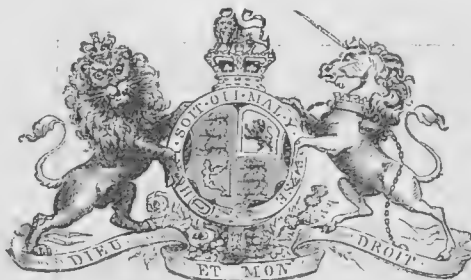
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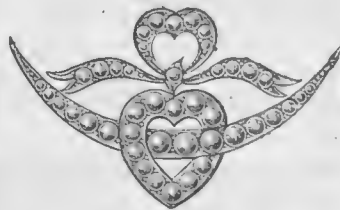
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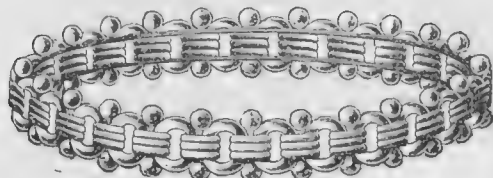
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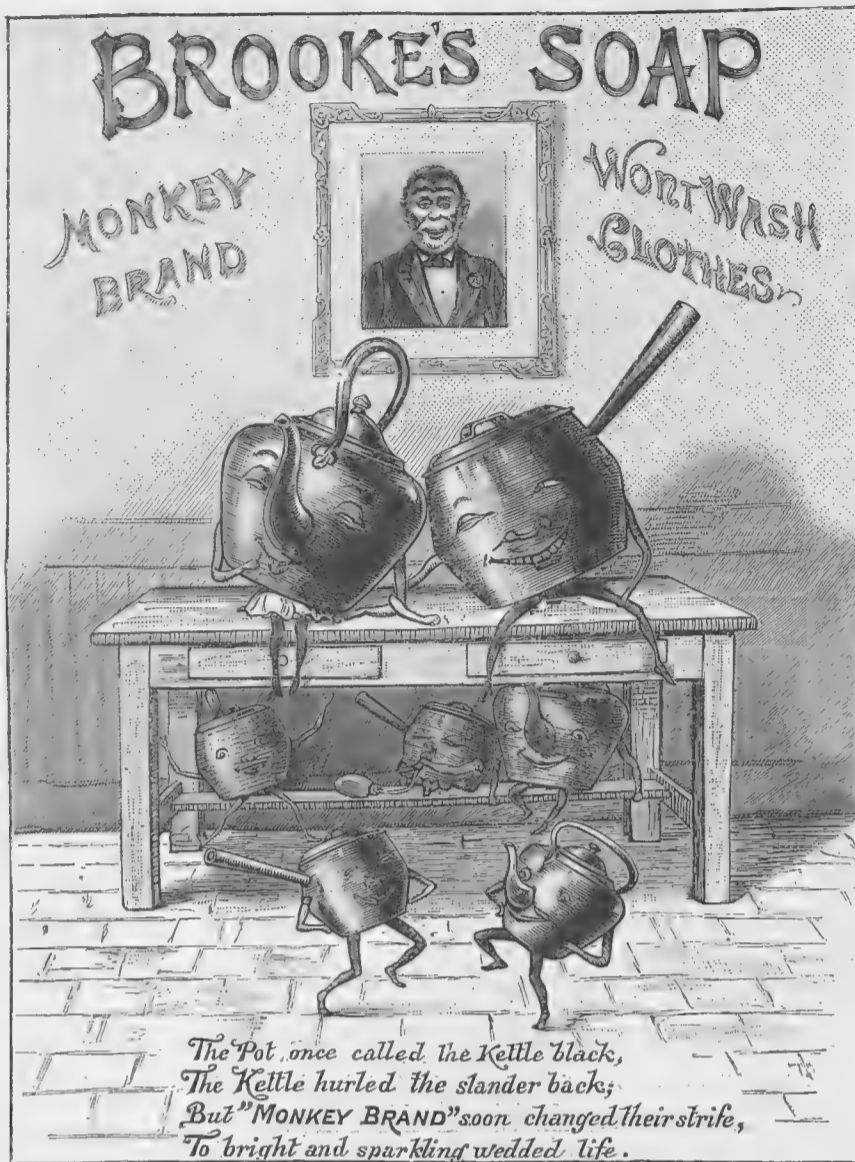
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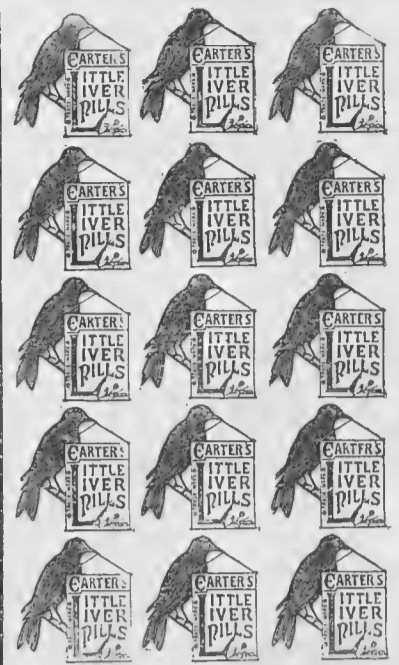
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LETTERS FROM COLONIAL COUSINS.

SYDNEY, JULY 3, 1893.

MY DEAR JACK,—When I broke off to tell you about my chat with Lady Duff I left our National Park party just starting from Audley on the lovely drive along Lady Carrington's Road to the Waterfall Railway Station, whence we could return by the evening train to town. This road runs for ten miles, and traversing as it does the very heart of the park, gives visitors a fair idea of its beauty as a domain and its picturesqueness in detail. We had a capital carriage, and took with us the wherewithal for afternoon tea. Our driver amused us very much. I wish you could have seen him, for he was a typical young Colonial, stolid, *nil admirari*, and contemptuous of our raptures. Is it a case of familiarity breeding contempt, or why is it that persons who live in such beautiful surroundings cannot understand why they should excite such admiration in strangers? Anyhow, our young Jehu sat on his box, lank and taciturn, with his shoulders hunched up to his ears, his slouch hat drawn down till it made the said ears stand out like a rabbit's, and grinned with a superior manner at our exclamations. Of course he drove superbly (that goes almost without saying in regard to an Australian), and took a pleasure in

palms and fern-trees, the mottled bark of the black-woods painted with mosses and lichens, and clumps of elk-horn growing in the forks. Each of these gullies is bottomed by a stream, which was crossed by a rustic bridge, and the trustees have given these little rivulets the aboriginal names of Australian birds. First comes Mullion Bush (the eagle), then Wurrul (bee), Burowa (bustard), Karoga (white crane), Garra Worra (laughing jackass), Buralga (native companion), Kobardo (parrot), Birumita (plover), Dirijiri (wagtail), Murindum (quail), Dumbal (crow), Tamar (bronze-wing pigeon), Burunda (swan), Karani (duck), and Palona (hawk). I told you in my previous letter about the change in geological formation; and, consequently, difference in flora, which occurs in the park. Well, soon after the Hanging Rock we came upon the line of division, passing gradually from wattles and gum-trees and rather sparse bush to a luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation. There was a specially charming river nook, of which I send you a picture. It shows to advantage the bluish conical sassafras, the black-wood, that rich, dark beauty-tree of Australia.

Winding along a gorge, the road plunged into Dumbal Grove, held to be the most magnificent collection of foliage in the park. There were the lilipilly, with its purple-tinted white berries, the famous *Panax elegans*, its straight and lofty stem crowned with waving clusters of sea-green leaves, a great variety of vertical-leaved eucalyptus, the native plum, whose foliage looks almost black, cabbage and other palms, the turpentine and I don't know how many other kinds of tree and tall shrub, shot through with a sort of bamboo that sways and creaks to every breath of wind, and the whole mass of vegetation so interlaced and overgrown with creepers, orchids, and fern that it has been well described as a piece of "verdant fretwork." After crossing Pola Creek, the largest of all the river's tributaries, and before reaching the island, we had discussed where we should boil the billy, and had decided to push on to the Falls. We drove by a navvies' camp, and very pretty the snowy canvas of the tents looked in the sunlight. We dug out of "William the Silent" (as Mr. H. had christened our driver) that there was a nice dry cave, commanding a view of the upper cascade, and there we soon had a fire crackling. In due course the water in the billy was bubbling; in went the tea, just a second more on the fire, then lift it off with a strong stick, stir the contents with a twig, and let it settle! How nice that smoky tea was, and the Johnny-cakes! Long before we came to the Falls we had used up all our adjectives, so I will only say of them that they were worthy to be in the National Park.

We presented William the Silent with a silver token of goodwill and quite missed him from the landscape as he drove off. We positively had stacks of maidenhair—we have seen acres of it—and such a lot of other ferns that we quite overflowed the carriage which took us back to town after this delightful day.

Now it is time to post my letter, so adieu.—Yours ever, LINDA.

NEW ARRIVALS AT THE "ZOO."

About five p.m. on the 15th inst. visitors to the "Zoo" were surprised to see two trollies enter the Gardens laden with a strange freight. The load turned out to be two strong cages, containing respectively a lion and two cubs and a lioness, of the African species, a present to the Queen from the Sultan of Zanzibar. They had arrived at Portsmouth on Thursday morning, and seemed in particularly good case. Those "in the know" had been expecting them all day, and the waiters at the refreshment-room were quite excited about it. Lowering the cages to the ground proved very hard work, but with the aid of many willing hands and strong crowbars it was accomplished safely, and the beasts, who remained remarkably quiet—only occasionally offering slight remonstrance—through the somewhat rough shaking which was inevitable, were deposited in the small yard at the back of the Lion House. There they were to await individual removal in the morning by means of a strong cage, just large enough to contain one animal, and known as the "shifting box," to their destined lairs. The news that they were not to be shown that night caused some disappointment; but it was, no doubt, wise to allow them a little while in which to recover from their jolting. Apart from its courteousness, the present is of considerable value, for a lion is worth in the market £150. There have been other new arrivals lately at the Gardens.



A NAVVIES' CAMP.

Photo by Kerry, Sydney.

cutting things very fine at awkward corners. He never volunteered a remark, but when we asked him a question he took his time about answering, and seemed to be searching for language suited to a new chum's feeble powers of comprehension. I am bound to say that he hadn't made the mistake of straining himself in the acquisition of knowledge, for he seemed to know the names of very few of the trees and plants we passed. The native tulip, great shocks of whose aloe-like foliage stood among the rocks, quivering and turning slightly in the breeze, he called "the ilantic lily"—he meant gigantic. I think I told you that the direction of the Port Hacking River was followed by this road, and you can imagine how much the water views enhance the forest scenery. The first few miles lay through rugged country, great rough rocks, and the big timber which gets such a giant foothold among them, and throws out fantastic elbows of root, between which the ivy and wild vines trail their festoons. Some of the rocks were hollowed into natural caves, and in parts the huge eucalyptus hung over the road, turning into a shaded avenue, and strewing it with long, crackling streels of aromatic bark. Here, too, were wonderfully fine grass-trees. The grass-tree, my dear Jack, is one of the porcupines of vegetation, but its spikes are so brittle as to be easily broken off, if you seize a handful boldly. From its scrubby little stem grows a great plume of fine blades, which look like bayonet grass; in some the plume is frilled to a tulip-point, in others the blades are shaken out into a feathery circle; the middle ones are white, and from them springs the blossom, like a giant bulrush, towering to six feet high, and at one season the brown velvet head is studded with little white stars.

Presently we came to the Hanging Rock, a large block of sandstone, through which the road has been cut, charming little ferns, of the most brilliant and delicate green, growing on the moist roof of this grotto. Just beyond this point we crossed a succession of gullies, very beautiful with

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

At last patience has met with its due reward, and having obtained tardy audience of our liege lady Dame Fashion at her favourite headquarters, the Maison Jay, in Regent Street, I must ask you to give me your very best attention while I try to do justice to some of the all-too-fascinating garments which she there displayed to me. I then and there forgave her for all her dilatoriness and shilly-shallying, for she has amply made up for it by presenting us with some of the most charming and novel modes which it has ever been my good fortune to chronicle.

As a foretaste of the good things to come, there was a pale grey gown, the skirt of which had for trimming a row of grey buttons edged with silver, which passed right up the centre, a double row of the same buttons ornamenting each side of the little coatee bodice. The deep turned-down collar and double revers were of white and of black satin, and a band of black satin ribbon, which passed round the waist, was tied at the back in two outstanding butterfly bows with long ends. A full jabot of white pleated lisse, frilled with yellowish old lace, and a neck-band of cerise velvet gave a touch of colour which made the gown simply perfect. I was next treated to the sight of an ideal gown for early winter, which was made of a lovely new fancy material in small, alternate squares of crimson and black. The sleeveless coat bodice was of black moiré antique, the small pointed basques at the sides and the turned-down collar and revers edged with a narrow band of black velvet, while the full, plain sleeves and the vest and collar were of the material. The full, perfectly hanging skirt was entirely devoid of trimming, and was simply finished off with a narrow tuck near the edge. I must not forget a natty little tie of white satin, which was loosely knotted round the neck, the ends being bordered with creamy lace, as it was one of the special features of the bodice.

I was being educated up to lovely things, so I was quite prepared for the next gown, which was of mauve hopsack, the skirt having a slightly full flounce at the bottom, headed by a double piping, and edged with a narrow bordering of astrachan, the same fur bordering the short, full basques and the cuffs. The waistband, of white satin, was covered with jet passementerie, the collar being to match, and insertion bands of the satin and appliqué, arranged in zouave form, were let in both at the back and in the front of the bodice, with the prettiest possible effect. I wondered whether anything better could possibly be in store for me, when the next dress drew from me an irrepressible exclamation of admiration. The skirt, of mouse-coloured face cloth, was arranged in the same way as the last gown, with a slightly full flounce at the foot, piped at the top, and edged with beaver. The short bodice, which had a waistband of black satin, covered with guipure, and a similar band let in across the bust, was edged at each side with beaver, and tied over a slightly full vest of yellow miroir velvet, with bows of black satin ribbon.

I had hardly come to the conclusion that anything more strikingly beautiful and original than this gown would be very difficult to find, before I was confronted by another dress, which, in its way, was just as beautiful. This one was all black, the materials used being face cloth, velvet, jet, and astrachan—a most effective combination. The skirt, of the cloth, was trimmed with a flounce, the fulness of which was caught together at intervals by tiny bows of black astrachan, and the bodice, of

black velvet, had double basques (the under one, of cloth, being bordered with astrachan), and very pretty revers of jet passementerie. Another black gown had a double skirt, the underneath one being edged with astrachan, the upper one, which was put on handkerchief fashion, and hung in points, being bordered with jet sequins. The draped bodice was of striped moiré, and had full sleeves and turned-down collar—cut in square tabs and falling over the shoulders—edged with astrachan. It could be worn with a jet waistbelt, or an entirely different effect could be produced by the addition of a loose, overhanging pinafore bodice—I can find no better word to describe it—of the material, held in at the waist by a jet band studded with cabochons, and tied at the back in handkerchief points, while it was fastened over the shoulders by straps formed of jet sequins and beads. Two bands of jet passementerie passed up the front, and the whole effect was exceedingly quaint, novel, and pretty.



A third black gown, which, to my thinking, was the most beautiful of all, and which was certainly the most novel, was of fine, soft black cloth, the skirt studded all over with round, medium-sized buttons, embroidered into the cloth with chenille (!), and having the most bewitching little panniers of black moiré antique (I told you weeks ago that they were coming in), caught up at the back, and forming long, full sash ends, which fell to the bottom of the skirt. The bodice, which was simply beautiful, was of black velvet, with full sleeves, the puffs at the top being of the button-studded cloth, while the pointed revers were of moiré. The front, which was very full, was gathered into a deep corselet of moiré, covered with jet passementerie; while the moiré collar, edged with sable—that touch of fur was an inspiration of genius—was tied in a bow at the back.

And now came the climax of splendour, in the shape of a gown of reddish violet plush, the full skirt, devoid of any trimming, showing off the richness of the fabric to perfection. The bodice was of baby Persian lamb (black), and had revers and turned-down collar of moiré, while it was held in at the waist by a band of jet passementerie over silk, a narrow appliqué of creamy lace being placed on the fur just above, a similar trimming finishing off the cuffs of the plush sleeves. Such a gown as this makes one look for the speedy revival of plush; while as to the baby Persian lamb, it is already extremely fashionable, and I caught a glimpse of a gown which Messrs. Jay had just made which had a skirt made entirely of this lovely fur.

Descriptions are all very well, but sketches are better, so I have had one of Messrs. Jay's newest

gowns sketched for you, which, though rather more simple than some of those I have told you about, is, perhaps, more practicable, and is certainly the perfection of style and good taste. It is of black crocodile cloth, the bodice arranged in a most tasteful way, both in front and at the back, with insertion bands of cerise-coloured cloth, covered with very pretty openwork braid, the yoke and collar being to match. Round the waist is a folded band of cerise cloth, tied at the back with a black satin bow, and the braid on the bodice is continued into four girdle ends, which fall down the skirt in graduated lengths, and are finished off with a fringe. To make the costume an ideally perfect one, you should follow the sketch closely, and have a sable collar round your neck, and a hat of black beaver, trimmed high at the left side with black ostrich plumes caught with bows of cerise velvet. But, above all, do not forget the lovely little sable muff, caught in the centre with cerise velvet ribbon, tied in a natty little bow, through which are drawn three or four gardenias, which in their spotless whiteness complete a perfect scheme of colour.

[Continued on page 477.]

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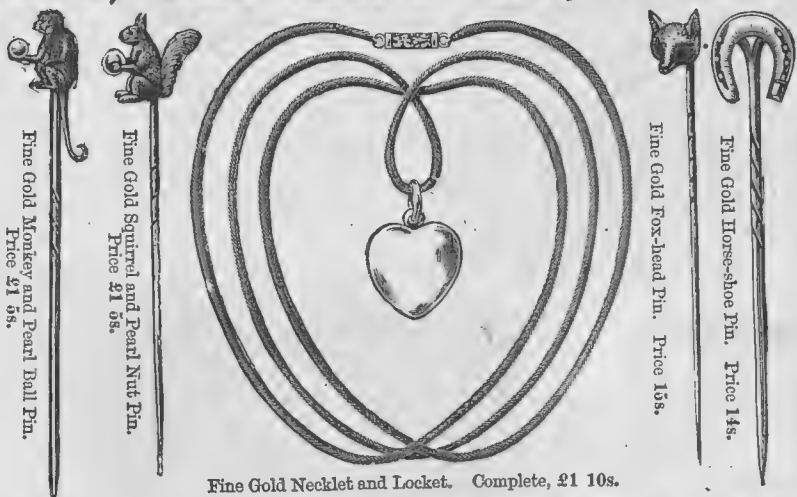
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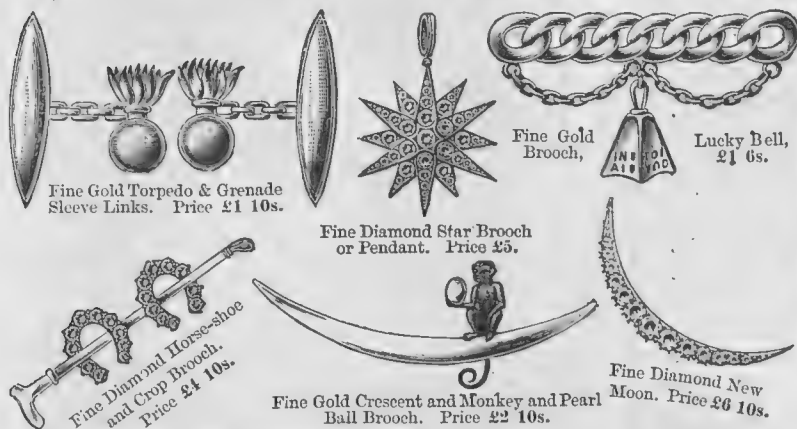
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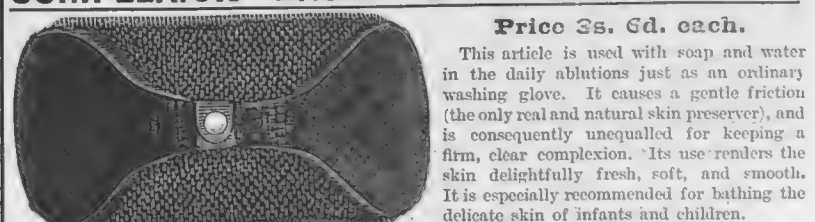
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For Children after Weaning, the Aged,
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Price 2s. and 3s. 6d.
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simply dissolved in warm water is
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"I have forwarded a photo of our twins, brought up on your excellent Food, taken when
10 months old. I am proud of them, as they are the picture of health, and have never required
a doctor since they were born, although tiny and delicate at first. We cannot speak too highly of
your Food, having brought up four fine children on it before. We hope to send shortly a photo
of them taken in a group.
Yours faithfully,
"J. D. HARVEY."

"18, Grove Vale, East Dulwich,

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MASTER MORRIS. Aged 2 Years.

"Dear Sir,
"I have much pleasure in sending you the photo of my little
son, who, I believe, would have died but for your Food, which was the
only thing he could keep down for a long time, and now he is very
strong and hearty. He lives upon it yet; he is two years old now.
We tried him without it a short time back, but it would not do; he
had to have it again, and still lives on it.
Yours truly,
"J. T. MORRIS,"

"Wood's Hotel, Grahamstown, S. Africa,

"December 1."

Unique Testimonial FROM HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE Empress of Germany.

TRANSLATION.

Berlin, April 14, 1893.

At Mr. MELLIN'S request
it is hereby certified that his
"Food" for Children has been
used with the best results by
the young Princes, sons of their
Imperial Majesties, the Emperor
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AN ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET ON THE FEEDING & REARING OF INFANTS.

A Practical and Simple Treatise for
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Portraits of Healthy and Beautiful
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MASTER BLAIR. Aged 13 Months.

"Dear Sir,
"Having seen photos of children fed on your Food, I thought
I would like you to see mine. Stewart was brought up on your Food,
and first got it when he was only a few days old. He is a most
healthy and intelligent child. The photo was taken when he was
thirteen months old.
Yours truly,
"BELLE BLAIR."

"11, St. Ninian's Terrace,

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"June 7, 1892.

The above Testimonials are only a selection from many hundreds received from grateful mothers.

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, Stafford Street, PECKHAM, S.E.

So much for the gowns, and though I had hard work to tear myself away from them at first, I found the millinery equally fascinating; that it was novel goes without saying, for you may always be sure of finding something unique if you go to Messrs. Jay's. First, then, to describe the sketches—the quaintly pretty little Dutch bonnet has a crown of cerise satin antique, held in by a band of black velvet and jet, and a full brim of lovely yellowish lace. An osprey, matching the lace in tint, is placed in front, while at the side dangle large jet earrings,



the strings being of black velvet. The hat, which is the very latest thing from Paris, is in the large shape which is so fashionable, and is of violet miroir velvet, trimmed with a long black ostrich plume, with tiny creamy-white plumes let in at intervals. At the left side is a large bow of black glacé ribbon, and under the brim in front, resting on the hair, is one full-blown pink rose. Daring as the combination is, it is in perfect taste, and this is truly a "picture" hat.

Fur, sable, and mink enter largely into the composition of all the newest hats and bonnets, and the most fashionable hats will be of beaver, exactly like men's top hats—it will never get common, that is very



certain, for it is much too expensive. As to colours, cerise seems first favourite, but an exquisite shade of reddish violet is likely to come in a good second. Glacé ribbon is to be very much used, and it is certainly wonderfully effective; so altogether we are likely to have specially attractive millinery this season.

I cannot refrain from telling you about a lovely hat which had a full black crown and a brim of cerise felt, caught up fantastically here and there, and covered with a frill of fine black lace, a black osprey and some black tips being placed in the front. Then there was a square-shaped hat, which had the brim lined with astrachan, and trimmed with draped folds of cerise silk, caught at the corners with tiny doggies' heads in astrachan; while still another was of black silk beaver, the brim on top being of white kid and the trimming consisting of four black ostrich tips and two or three black satin choux. I could go on *ad libitum*, but everything must come to an end some time, and even as it is I must wait till next week to tell you about Messrs. Jay's new mantles and coats. I fancy, however, that I have given you enough to think about for the present, at any rate.

FLORENCE.

THE HAYMARKET PREMIÈRE.

There was a brilliant audience at the Haymarket première, the fascinations of "The Tempter" having lured people home from mountain and moor. Baroness Burdett-Coutts occupied the stage-box on the O.P. side, dressed in black silk trimmed with white lace, and a head-dress of pink and red roses. Mr. Gerald Loder was in the same box, and also a handsome dark lady in black, with a deep white berthe. Mr. Chamberlain was in the stalls, with his wife, who looked charming in pale blue, and Sir Edward Lawson came in, after welcoming Zola at Victoria, and chatted with Mr. and Mrs. Clement Scott, who were in one of those quaint little boxes at the back of the balcony stalls. Mrs. Swainson Akroyd was one of the handsomest women in the stalls; she was beautifully dressed in pearl grey brocade with a chestnut velvet cloak. Mrs. Michael Gunn was beautifully dressed in pale blue satin, with a brocaded cloak of the same colour, the cape edged with a narrow line of ermine. Mrs. Ronald's stately figure was well set off by a pale pink silk dress, with a handsome cloak of dark blue brocade, trimmed with fox. Sir Spencer Wells paid many visits between the acts, and Mr. H. Morell Mackenzie was practically ubiquitous. A number of well-known people were gathered together in the balcony stalls. Mrs. Jopling-Rowe, in crimson silk, with a gold comb in her dark hair, was in the front row (on the prompt side), next to her popular husband. Behind her sat two of the Vanbrugh sisters, intent on the performance of their sister Irene. Miss Violet Vanbrugh looked very handsome in cream draperies, and her sister Angela (the violinist, who is Lady Burdett-Coutts's godchild and namesake) was in bright scarlet silk, with a cream lace berthe. Both sisters wore large gold hoops in their ears. Just behind them was Mrs. Oscar Beringer in black—a centre of attraction as usual. It was a very well-dressed house, and the preponderance of pale blue was remarkable. A very effective dress in the stalls was in black chiffon, with revers and sleeves of rose-coloured velvet. Ermine-trimmed cloaks were much worn, and an entire ermine coat looked extremely smart.

Among others present were the Speaker and Miss Peel, Sir Charles Russell, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Marquis of Granby, the Rane of Sarawak (Lady Brooke), the Countess of Romney, Lady Radnor, Sir George Arthur, Colonel and Mrs. Stanley Clarke, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Frank Harris, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., Mr. and Mrs. Perugini, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and Mr. Harry Furniss.

The stage dresses were very artistic. Mrs. Tree looked charming as she stepped out of her green-and-lilac litter—it made one regret that the days of the litter and the sedan chair were over, for it is not given to womankind now to make such an effective entry. Mrs. Tree's first dress was in white, brightened with lines of gold and crystal, with a long cloak of royal-blue velvet floating from her shoulders. Miss Neilson looked superbly handsome in pale green, with a curious little jacket of terra-cotta velvet, with long, hanging sleeves edged with sable, an old-gold mantle lined with pale green floating at the back, and a white scarf wound carelessly round her head, her hair waved, and hanging down her back. In the second act she wore the same dress without the flowing mantle, and in the third she appeared radiant in light yellow studded with gold spangles. Mr. Fred Terry was dressed in beautiful brown in this scene, the long, hanging sleeves of the tunic edged with fur and lined with light yellow silk, a long cloak of chestnut velvet falling at the back.

Mr. Tree's make-up was wonderful, and it is evident that his satanic Majesty must spend a large portion of his time upon his toilet. Mr. Tree first wore a tight-fitting grey dress covered with spangles in silver, shaded with green. Next came the travelling student's dress in tan and brown, somewhat like what Mephistopheles wears in "Faust." Next a gorgeous dress of mediæval cut in red and green brocade, the hanging sleeves fastened up with diamond clasps over undersleeves barred in gold and black. Parti-coloured hose completed the strange effect. In the scene in the Abbey glade he wears a peacock-blue tunic, spangled with sapphires, blue-and-red-shot hose, and a long trailing cloak of emerald-green velvet, covered with a scrawling pattern, and lined with dark red silk. Mr. Tree wears a red "Judas" beard, and covers his eyes with glass, which keeps in place without any visible means of support.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The interval of rest which the House of Commons is to enjoy this year began on Friday last, after a final week of unutterable dullness, in which there was scarcely a sparkle of life or interest. All the Chamberlainian talk about obstructing the Estimates and depriving the Government of their holiday came, as everyone expected, to precisely nothing.

WHY OBSTRUCTION BROKE DOWN.

It was all very well to deprive the Government of their holiday, but, unfortunately, in the process it was impossible to avoid losing one's own. Of course, it would have been easier to keep the Government fixed on the Treasury Bench if that fine scheme of relays which was started earlier in the session had been at all practicable; but, unhappily, it entirely broke down. And for a very simple reason: the relays who went away never came back, but remained enjoying themselves on sea and moor and plain, while the unhappy garrison stood "like sentinels in starless night," waiting for relief.

THE LAST IRISH DEBATE.

There were, however, one or two incidents in Supply which ought not to be altogether passed over. One was the absolute failure of the attack upon Mr. Morley's administration in Ireland. Mr. T. W. Russell came down with a whole stock of new outrages, described in the most approved form of modern realism. And, not to be outdone, he led another charge against Mr. Morley, besides the good old stock accusation of being an outrage-monger. While consorting with murderers on the one hand, it appears that Mr. Morley has been outdoing Mr. Balfour in political oppression on the other. "New Morley," said Mr. Russell, "is old Balfour writ large," and he described how Mr. Morley had suppressed twenty-one meetings, used Edward the Third's Act sixteen times, and generally been a terror to the evildoer. All this was said with a wary eye on the Irish benches, as one who should say, "Now, if you are men of spirit, you will fall to." And Mr. Balfour followed in the same strain. "I understand," he said, "that eviction is still carried out in very much the same way as when those trying debates were going on during my administration." What were the speakers doing now? Why, as a matter of fact, they were sitting silent and undisturbed, grinning from ear to ear at the simplicity of Unionists in hoping to catch them with such simple bait. "We are not such fools," would have been their speech if they had spoken, in the style of Mr. Healy's colloquial phrase when he was asked why they did not speak during the Committee stage of the Home Rule Bill. Mr. Morley was easily able to show the entire difference between the kind of meeting which had to be suppressed by Mr. Balfour and the malicious, disorderly gatherings which he had to put down himself—a difference which was scarcely obscured by Mr. Balfour's very characteristic remark that he had never suppressed a political meeting in his life. Mr. Sexton gave the last touch of concord to a harmonious debate by an eloquent congratulation of the Government on the results of their first year's work in Ireland. Thus peace, order, and satisfaction came out of one year's work in the new policy of Home Rule.

THE AFRICAN AND INDIAN PROBLEMS.

The only other important speeches during the week were the discussions which arose on Tuesday and Wednesday on the subject of Mashonaland. In the course of these discussions the Government's policy of restraining the company from attacking Lobengula was strongly challenged by many critics, but, on the whole, the Government made good their case, and showed the terrible effects that would happen throughout South Africa if the settlers in Mashonaland were allowed to attack Lobengula without any restraint from home. The interest of the last two days centred round Indian affairs. An attempt was made by Mr. Stansfeld, but stopped by the Standing Orders, to bring up the Indian cantonments question, and Lord Roberts's reply before the House; and on entering into the consideration of the Indian Budget, Mr. Naoroji tried to persuade the Government to appoint a Commission on the affairs of India as a whole. This gave rise to an interesting discussion, but the Government refused to appoint the Commission on the ground that it would hamper the Indian Government, and resemble a roving Commission on the British Constitution. Mr. George Russell then brought in the Indian Budget before the usual empty House, and the affairs of our greatest possession were discussed, as usual, by a lethargic group of members at the very fag-end of the session.

MR. ASQUITH'S DEFENCE.

But perhaps the most sensational incident of the whole week was Mr. Asquith's valiant defence of himself against the attacks of the Labour members on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Samuel Woods, both very rare attendants at the House of Commons, have been diverting their leisure by violent attacks on the Government in the Midland counties. Mr. Asquith has been their special butt. He has been accused of sending down soldiers to the coal districts in order to help the masters and to suppress the men. This accusation Mr. Asquith described as "a pitiful and ridiculous fiction," and he scathingly denounced his accusers for bringing such charges and yet not supporting them in the House of Commons. It was difficult to blame him. Mr. Asquith is a true friend of labour, and such mistaken attacks will do the cause no good. The House meets again on Nov. 2.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Quite an interesting little question of formalities arose at the end of last week over the adjournment. The Houses cannot adjourn until the Queen's assent has been affixed to the Appropriation Bill; and as the Bill could not get through all its stages in the House of Lords till Friday morning, the royal assent could not actually be given, and the Bill, with the sign manual, arrive in London until Saturday morning. But with everybody trying to get away, the authorities put their heads together, and it was arranged to take the Queen's assent by telegraph. So the Lords Commissioners intimated on Friday afternoon to Lords and Commons that the Queen's assent had been given, and the willing legislators were dismissed to their holiday by this method a day earlier than if they had had to wait for the Queen's messenger to arrive with the written signature from Balmoral. The idea of using the telegraph to communicate such a sacred thing as the Queen's assent was exceedingly surprising to some of the sticklers for Parliamentary tradition. But, really, it seems very simple and convenient.

THE SAD FATE OF THE FOURTH PARTY.

Now that the House has adjourned, and that Supply has been finished off in summary fashion, we may be pleased enough with the result to cast an eye of sympathy upon Messrs. Hanbury, Bartley, and Bowles, whose efforts to obstruct Supply had come to so very little. There was a time, indeed, but it is a month ago or more now, when Supply bade fair to be about to give us much more fun than it has. The new Fourth Party were to obstruct, and the Government was to use the closure, and Mr. Chamberlain was to make more attacks on the Government for such an unheard-of thing as gagging the Estimates. But the prospect of a holiday, with the conciliatory attitude of Sir William Harcourt, and the final decision to have an autumn sitting have knocked the Fourth Party plan into the proverbial cocked hat. When the autumn sitting was definitely adopted, it was plain that no attempt at curtailing the very short holiday available before Nov. 2 would be popular, and Messrs. Hanbury, Bartley, and Bowles, though they have themselves stuck to their guns like men, have not succeeded in carrying any party with them. The fact is, the game of badgering this Government is stale. The Unionists know that they have won all along the line; they know, moreover, that the autumn session is much more likely to do the Government harm than good; they do not want a dissolution themselves until next year, and they are perfectly content to let the Gladstonians go from bad to worse, as they must do the longer they are in office. Mr. Balfour's tactics all along have been quiet, but waiting, and Mr. Balfour will turn out to be right.

MR. ASQUITH AND THE LABOUR MEMBERS.

The only thing approaching to a scene of any interest in the Commons last week was Mr. Asquith's attack on the Labour members—Messrs. Keir Hardie, Pickard, and Woods—for their disgraceful denunciation of the use of the military in the Yorkshire riots. Mr. Asquith stands out from a flabby Administration as the one man who has had the courage to stand up to his own party. He squashed the Irish clamourers for amnesty, and now he has told the Labour members that they have no business to mislead ignorant people into thinking that they can riot without paying for it, and that if the Government interferes it is solely in the interest of the capitalists. Messrs. Woods, Pickard, and Hardie were not present, and Mr. John Burns, who has dissociated himself from their action, could not defend them. But it is not to be supposed that the Home Secretary, though he will be supported by all friends of law and order, will please the members he has denounced. He was quickly retorted upon by Mr. Tom Mann in a speech at Woolwich, in which he said that Mr. Asquith had shown that he, too, was dominated by a class bias. It is quite time that the Liberal party, so far as it is statesmanlike and not anarchic, should realise that they cannot play with rebellion in Ireland and agitators in England without a penalty.

INDIA'S GOVERNMENT.

The Indian Budget was, as usual, crammed into the end of the week, so that only those actually interested in India attended. This might not matter so much if those "interested" meant only those competent to take part in discussing Indian affairs. But, unfortunately, the faddists have seized, among other things, on India, and the present Government has seen fit to give way to these faddists in the Opium Commission, and (as seems too probable) even in the wild suggestion of giving the Baboos more facilities for entering the Civil Service, to such an extent that the Indian Government has anything but an easy time of it. The spectacle of a debate on India in the House of Commons is notoriously not lively. Sir Richard Temple and those others who really knew something about India are not lively speakers; and the estimable Parsee, Mr. Naoroji, has lost much of his interest by this time. Mr. George Russell, the Under Secretary, was evidently bored by his part of the performance, and, poor man, the elucidation of a Budget which is counted in rupees and not pounds, and which has to be discussed in terms of the currency difficulty, consequent on the closing of the Indian mints, is not one to be made lively on any terms. Mr. Russell rushed through his figures like a man, and nobody had the heart to discuss them after him at any length. The Indian business done, then, amounts to this: a Financial Commission refused, the Budget passed, and the appetite of the faddists whetted. And so the House departed unto its holiday.



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